F-45

SCB #8830
c. 2
13

7
RL
45

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

http://archive.org/details/mill00shak

A

COLLECTION

OF

MILLENNIAL HYMNS,

ADAPTED

TO THE PRESENT ORDER

OF THE

CHURCH.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy. *Isa.* xxxv. 10.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED SOCIETY,
CANTERBURY, N. H.

1847.

PREFACE.

The first form of this book, having been found by experience, to be somewhat imperfect, it was considered advisable to make some alteration. The near resemblance, and even identity of one title to another, render it necessary to adopt some other method of designating the hymns; therefore, in addition to titles, figures will be used.

As the printing of this work has been done at differperiods of time, it has occasioned many difficulties. Perhaps some things have escaped detection which might otherwise have been avoided; yet the candid reader must have charity for the printer.

"Not critic like, seek faults to find,
And every beauty leave behind;
But if a weed appear in sight,
A flower cull to make it right."

Where errors occur, they may be corrected by the reader and have the love of all concerned. For,

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er will be."

It will be obsered that the size of this work is increased in order that a larger number of the beautiful, long meter hymns may be saved which could not have been put into the smaller form; therefore, it is hoped that this will in part remunerate for all disadvantages.

PRINTER.

Canterbury, N. H. May, 1847.

MILLENNIAL HYMNS.

1.

The Final Decision.

1 The day of decision, by prophets foretold,
When Christ in his glory the world should behold;
Has broke forth in splendor, in glory so bright,
That all now in darkness may come to the light.

2 Again he's descended in glory complete,
To fill in its fullness, the true judgment seat—
The earth and the heavens, and mortals to shake,
That they from the death of pollution awake.

3 The mountains and fabrics of antichrist's day,
Like mist in bright sunbeams, shall vanish away.
The face of the temple, by coverings conceal'd,
Is brought to the light, and the mystery's reveal'd.

4 Now human inventions all prostrate must fall,
And all other systems be roll'd as a scroll;
He's founded a city as prophets had pray'd,
And other foundations can never be laid.

5 This city, in beauty's enclos'd by a wall,
Upon which are watchmen proclaiming the call,
Come forth all ye nations, ye kindreds and tongues,
And bring to the light all your evils and wrongs.

6 The trumpet is sounding, the banner's unfurl'd,
The call is now going throughout the whole world;
The wise will obey, for in it there is life—
A perfect salvation from evil and strife.

7 Here purity reigns in bright glory and peace,
And love and pure union will ever increase;
Here's innocent meekness devoid of all sin,
For nothing polluted can enter therein.

8 Then shout forth in gladness, ye children of love,
For Zion's foundation no foe can e'er move.
We'll praise our dear Savior, we'll worship aright,
For God is her center, her glory and light.

Enfield, N. H.

2.

Deceitfulness of Earthly Joy.

1 How short are the pleasures of earthly enjoyments!
No durable substance these things can afford;
They hold, and awhile they may flatter the creature,
By man they're esteemed, and most highly ador'd.
To those who in pleasures of earth are exulting,
They show forth a treasure both shining and fair,
Alluring the mind from the true God of heaven,
To worship an idol that leads to despair.

2 These things may look fair, but in them lies deception;
There's mis'ry and vanity spread in the way,
By satan that artful and subtil deceiver,
Who seeks to decoy and ensnare whom he may.
Then let us not wander in nature's dark desert,
Her paths are unpleasant, revolting and vain;
And though they seem dress'd in the richest profusion,
They'll lead to the regions of darkness and pain.

3 But O why should mortals delay, for there's danger!
Their sun may go down like a phantom at noon;
O why should they hearken to dreams so delusive!
For life is a shadow that vanishes soon;

O then they can see the enchantment they follow'd,
Like canker it poison'd—corrupted the soul,
And led them in by-paths, astray from the Savior,
While passions of nature their sense did control.

4 Then all those vain pleasures in which they delighted,
Will only their torment and sorrows increase;
Before a just God they must there stand indicted,
Till they seek his mercy—find comfort and peace.
Behold and consider the doleful condition
Of those who can revel in sin with delight;
Rejecting the call of Jehovah in mercy;—
What can be more shocking than such a dread sight!

5 Then O my relation! my gospel relation,
Let heart-felt emotions of love freely flow,
To God who has call'd us from Babel's confusion,
To mingle our joys with the righteous below.
O let our hearts gladden, for God is diffusing
The light of the gospel unto a lost world,
And we must see to it—how we are improving,
Lest we, by his judgments to ruin be hurl'd.

Enfield, N. H.

3.

Who shall stand?

1 The dark and dismal day of death at length has past,
The last great trump of God has blown its final blast;
The present earth and heavens, and nature all around,
With loud and thrilling echo now return the sound.
That dark polluted veil, with which the devil meant,
The temple to conceal, in pieces has been rent;
Christ has appear'd again in this benighted land,
Judgment to execute, and who, O! who can stand?

2 Millions of sleeping dead from sin begin to wake,
And earth's corrupting center now begins to shake;
The burning wrath of God by mortals now is felt,
The elements of earth with fervent heat do melt.
Those lofty heights of sin, towering with guilt and shame,
All prostrate now must fall before the gospel flame.
Prepare; to judgment come, is now the dread command;
Alas! we hear the call, but who, ah! who shall stand?

3 For in this mighty crush of ev'ry thing of earth,
When nat'ral things must fall with all their transient mirth,
Proud, self-exalted man must quit his hold on all,
Or in the shivered wreck be buried by the fall.
For nought of worldly pride, in pomp and splendor dress'd,
Nor treasures of the earth will ever stand the test;
For as some fleeting light, or house upon the sand,
These wither'd toys of earth shall never, never stand.

4 Then whither shall we fly? O whither shall we look
To find a safe retreat from this almighty shock?
Is there no power to save? no place of endless life,
Where we can ever dwell, far from a world of strife?
O yea; here is a rock,—a sure and steadfast place,—
A tower of endless strength to save the fallen race;
'Tis bas'd in flaming truth by God's almighty hand,
And all who fix on this, they will forever stand.

5 On this we firmly rest, we are both safe and sure;
For this eternal rock, forever will endure;
And now no worldly fame, no vain and groveling pride,
No element of sin shall cause our feet to slide.

No foe of earth or hell can reach this chosen flock,
Who've plac'd their all in Christ the everlasting rock;
For God is ever here to guard this shining band,
Which will in endless day, forever, ever stand.

Enfield, N. H

4.

Celestial Blessings.

1 Come good angels hover round us,
While with grateful hearts we sing,
Heavenly blessings which surround us,
Praise and bless our glorious King.
Here his hand the vine hath planted,
Lo the branches spread and grow;
Joys of heaven to us are granted,
Here celestial fountains flow.

2 Here we gain divine protection,
All the powers of earth defeat,
Where no sinful, vile affection,
E'er can stain the golden street.
Here the light of heaven is shining,
Clear as the meridian day;
Golden cords of love entwining
Every heart that does obey.

3 Here is love that cannot fail us,
For it binds our souls in one;
Though affliction may assail us,
Still the joyful race we run.
For we know the prize is ours,
Mother's children will be crown'd;
Heavenly gifts descend like showers,
Sweetly flowing all around.

4 Praise the Lord with true thanksgiving,
Praise his name with heart and voice,
Praise his name among the living,
Praise his name, rejoice, rejoice.
Holy angels give him glory,
Saints with joy resound the same,
Loudly singing, holy, holy,
Holy, holy is his name.

Harvard, Mass.

5.

The Church of God.

1 Zion, arise, break forth in songs
Of everlasting joy;
To God eternal praise belongs,
Who doth thy foes destroy.
Thou Church of God, awake, awake,
For light beams from on high;
From earth and dust thy garments shake,
Thy glory's drawing nigh.

2 To raise thee high above the earth,
God will his power employ;
He'll turn thy mourning into mirth,
Thy sorrow into joy.
In shining robes thyself array,
Put on thy garments pure;
Thy King shall lead thee in a way,
That's holy, safe and sure.

3 He'll bring thy wand'ring children home,
And gather those without;
And with a wall of jasper stone,
Will guard thee round about.

He'll feed thy little ones with food,
And their protector be;
And nothing, that is for thy good
Will he withold from thee.

4 In thee, the Lord shall place his name,
And make thee his delight,
And place on thee a diadem,
Divinely fair and bright;
And thou shalt be the dwelling place,
Of him that reigns above,
Yea, thou shalt be adorn'd with grace
And everlasting love.

5 The joy of nations thou shalt be;
A bright and shining light;
For God is in the midst of thee,
To keep thee day and night:
His arm shall be thy sure defence,
That thou canst never fall,
And shining saints shall pitch their tents
Within thy glorious wall.

6 Arise, O Zion, praise thy king,
And make his name thy trust;
With joy and triumph loudly sing,
For he is true and just.
O Zion, sing with thankful voice,
Thy great redeemer's praise;
In his almighty power, rejoice
Throughout eternal days.

Harvard, Mass.

6.

Joys of the Just.

1 In beauty and order the righteous do stand,
As subjects to God's holy will;
With love and delight they obey his command
And their sacred calling fulfill.
Their joys are unceasing, eternal and sure,
Their treasure, unfading and fair;
They drink of the waters of life, ever pure,
A fountain celestial and clear.

2 No time to be idle, or vainly employ'd
In laying up treasures on earth,
For those who are quicken'd by God's holy word,
To know what the gospel is worth.
Their hearts are devoted, their time freely given
To seek for this durable prize;
For who can refuse offer'd mercy from heaven,
And their own salvation despise?

3 Come all who are seeking and have not yet found
The way of salvation and peace,
Quit darkness and folly, no longer be bound,
Where troubles and sorrows increase.
For Christ's yoke is easy, his burden is light,
As he has in truth testified;
His footsteps are follow'd by walking upright,
And laying all evil aside.

4 And are you not willing to walk in the road,
Our Savior has travel'd before,
To find the acceptance and favor of God,
And bear the same cross which he bore?

Salvation is free for the humble in heart,
And seeker of true righteousness;
All such in the kingdom of Christ have a part,
A share in the mansions of bliss.

5 Their heaven, they find well begun here below,
Abounding with joys ever new;
For while they in union and purity grow,
Bright glories are op'ning to view.
The idols of time have no longer a place
In the purified temple of God;
But all who're partakers of his saving grace
Remove and destroy ev'ry clog;

6 That they may go forward with confidence bold,
To fight the good fight and obtain
The crown of salvation, more precious than gold,
Or any thing earthly and vain.
The humble and lowly are certain to stand,
In God's holy power they trust;
Let me be united to this lovely band,
Be mine the pure joys of the just.

7 For though ev'ry pleasure this earth can bestow,
My soul could partake here in time;
What are they, compar'd to the treasures that flow
From regions of glory sublime?
Bright angels descending my spirit surround
With love's holy circles most pure;
I'm thankful, I'm thankful for what I have found,
And I will forever endure.

Canterbury.

7.

Voice of Awakening.

1 Awake ye who slumber, ye souls bound in sin,
My trumpet is sounding for you to come in;
O come to the gospel—come poor needy souls,
O come to this work while time swiftly rolls;
Do come to the ark of salvation and peace,
That your souls may be free from the bondage of death;
O strip off your mantle, your clothing of sin,
With God's chosen number, O come gather in.

2 I've come from the mansions of glory above,
By my heavenly Father I'm sent to reprove;
The lost children of men to judgment must come
And bow in submission to his holy throne.
O van'der and ce' ne, O san'der an vo',
I'm the ho ho ho holy, the holy Se'vo;
Awaken, awaken, the trumpet does blow,
Come free volunteers be preparing to go.

3 Come gird on your armor, your helmet and shield,
O come ye and enter the true gospel field;
Come free volunteers, such souls I have chose,
Who press on with courage all sin to oppose.
Awake, says the holy Omnipotent One,
My work upon earth has in wisdom begun;
My gospel is sealed, yea sealed with truth,
My church is establish'd and plac'd upon earth.

4 Unshaken its pillars, its portals and gates,
Its breast-work is sure, why lie ye in wait?
Ye sandal la vex'e, ye cannot o'erthrow,
My ho holy Lin-ce' with san dan' sen vo' :

'Tis kept and protected by my holy hand,—
A host of bright angels around it do stand;
O sound ye your trumpets ye holy angels,
In every place where fallen man dwells.

My holy Anointed, the time has now come, for vi len' van ve' ne to shine forth in glory and love, a light to all nations, shining bright in purity, with the holy se ven' and power from above. Ye shall shine in my brightness, saith the Lord who reigns above, saith the Lord of heaven and earth.

O sound ye your trumpets again and again,
To poor lost souls, to poor fallen men,
(*notes.*) that they may obey this awakening voice. (*nctes.*)

5 O come ye poor souls, why will ye delay;
Come and enter this beautiful way.
The joys of the gospel are offered free,
On terms just and equal for you and for me.

6 The yoke it is easy, the burden is light;
O come weary souls, come cast in your mite,
Gain freedom by confessing and forsaking all sin;
O this is the way that we've travel'd in.

7 It yields joy and comfort, life and peace to the soul;
From bondage 'twill save. All who come to the pool
Of repentance and prayer, of meekness and love,
Shall find true forgiveness from Heaven above.

Come to the purifying work and be cleans'd from all sin,—
Come, O come, says the holy Se lan',
Come, O come, says good Mother Ann,
Come, O come, say the angels of peace,
Come, O come, and seek God's grace.

Canterbury.

8.

Living Truth.

1 The words of living truth shall stand
When judgments roll, roll through the land;
For in God's power the earth he'll sweep,
And nations of the earth shall weep.
His piercing eye will penetrate—
They'll cry, Alas! when 'tis too late,
"O fall on us, ye mountains high,
Hide us from his ALLSEEING EYE."

2 But they his rod must surely feel,
In judgments He with them will deal,
Each as their works of sin shall be
In time or in eternity.
But righteous souls will find a place
Within the mansions of his grace;
Inwrapt in his eternal love,
They'll dwell in paradise above.

3 There they shall be forever blest
With everlasting peace and rest,
And with the saints and angels sing
Sweet praises to their heavenly King.
The name of Mother they shall sound,
In thanks for free salvation found,
And shall rejoice that they are free
From th' bondage of iniquity.

4 Truth, living truth shall echo round,
The everlasting trump shall sound,
And rich and poor, both great and small,
Shall hear the soul-awak'ning call;

For God will send his angels forth
To ev'ry nation of the earth,
All who of choice, the call obey
Will do his will and know his way.

5 But such as break God's holy laws,
Or dare to slight his holy cause,
His judgments shall their portion be
In endless woe and misery.
O then be wise ye lac na loo',
Obey your holy Los na voo';
For God has bless'd them with his power,
To guard you through each trying hour.

6 The work of God is great indeed;
O then be subject to your Lead,
To God in them O be resign'd,
That you his grace may freely find.
Thus heaven's blessings yours will be
Through time and in eternity;
And by the cross on earth you bear,
A crown of glory you'll prepare.

Canterbury.

9.

Heavenly Guide.

1 Lo all vo, hark ye dear children, and listen to me,
For I am that holy Se lone' se ka' ra an ve';
My work upon earth is holy, holy and pure,
That work which will ever, forever endure.

2 Yea, my heavenly Father hath se-ve'-ned to you
That power which is holy and that faith which is true;
O then my beloved, why will ye delay?
O la ho' le en se' ren, now while it is day.

3 The holy angels in heaven their trumpets do raise,
And with saints upon earth sound endless praise.
Blessed, most blessed your day and holy your call,
O ven se' ne ven se' ne, yea every soul.

4 All holy se ka' ren are the free blessings given
And bestowed on you from the fountain of heaven;
Yea, guardian spirits from the holy Se lan',
Bring you heavenly love, vi' ne see', Lin' se van'.

5 Press ye on my dear children, the holy Van' la hoo'
Is your heavenly guide, and will safely bear you through
All vo'len tribulation you meet here below;
Then be humble dear children, be faithful and true.

6 For God your holy, holy HEAVENLY FATHER will never,
Never forsake his holy house of Israel on e.a.r.t.h.,
But the blessings of heaven will continue to flow,
On you my beloved Ar 'se le be low. (*n-o-t-e-s.*)

New Lebanon.

10.

Glory of God's Building.

1 How glorious is the house of God
In which the faithful meet,
In rev'rence to his holy word,
Where angels take their seat.
How beautiful 'tis to behold
The aged and the youth
Forsake the vain and wicked world,
And choose the paths of truth.

2 Rejoice, ye chosen sons of God,
Let virgins loudly sing,
Who in the narrow path have trod,
In footsteps of their King.

Rejoice, in music loudly sound,
Salvation from all sin;
Christ's holy kingdom we have found,
Come souls and enter in.

3 Confess all sin, repent and learn
The way that Christ has taught;
In gospel fire the strong man burn;
Thus you're to judgment brought.
True resurrection does begin
With every honest soul,
By freely purging out all sin,
And sacrificing ALL.

4 God does in truth require mankind
His chosen to respect;
To crucify the carnal mind,
In thought, in word and act.
His chosen vessels guarded are,
By angels hov'ring round,
And fill'd with holy love and fear,
Eternal praise to sound.

5 By his anointing power and care,
He's fitted them aright
In his eternal grace to share,
And lead souls into light.
Then come poor souls, come gather in,
God's holy house is free,
For all who'll freely strip off sin,
And his true servants be.

6 How glorious is every gate,
That leadeth hereunto;
The path is also sure and straight,
But plain and easy too.

Here is the rock that Jesus laid,
And it will ever stand;
God is our life, our strength, our aid,
We, his devoted band.

7 Come, sinners come, both young and old,
Now is your time, now is your day;
God's glorious building, come behold,
Come enter, enter while you may.
Angels the trump of truth do sound;
All who the sound obey,
Will praise their God that they have found
The strait and narrow way.

8 Rejoice, rejoice, ye faithful few,
In thankfulness your voices raise,
That God has call'd and chosen you;
O shout and sing eternal praise.
When in his HOLY HOUSE you meet,
Where saints and angels are—
O praise your God with joy complete,
That you his grace do share.

Chorus.

9 Ho ho, le ne vo', ho ho, le ne van',
Ho ho, blessed Savior, ho ho, Mother Ann.
Ho ho, alla Vin'da, ho, holy Savee',
Ho ho, we se re' nee in se' ke o vee'.
Lord, holy sarenda we give unto thee,
Before thee we worship in humility,
Accept of thy children, a tribute of love,
As we're moving onward to mansions above.

Canterbury.

11.

The Holy Savior.

1 There came forth a voice, to the lost child of nature
Its accents, though mighty, were lowly and still;
I came from my Father, than whom none is greater,
And low in submission I bow to his will.
I am the straight gate, and the way of salvation,
To me the poor vagrant is lur'd from afar;
The Sun in high heaven of God's New Creation,
The first gem of glory, the bright morning star.

2 Hark ho! O ye hungry, ye thirsty and ragged,
I am the true bread, and the water of life—
Come here O ye filthy, ye crooked and cragged,
And ye shall be cleansed and quell'd from your strife.
Behold the bright Temple my God is erecting,
A mansion for those who are filthy and poor;
Its partments by Wisdom are now fast perfecting,
Come enter ye needy, but I am the door.

3 I am the same stone that was cut from the mountain,
I'm rolling and rolling to fill the whole earth;
I am a deep pool and a clear flowing fountain,
By me the foul leper is cleansed from death.
The chief corner stone—O that stone once rejected!
I am the foundation on which ye may build,
I am a swift arrow, a shaft well directed,
A dart from the quiver Jehovah had fill'd.

4 The horn of salvation to chiefest of sinners,
The head of the Church, and a gracious High Priest,
The pearl of great price! and O be ye the winners,
I'm Alpha and Omega, the first and the last.

A well and a vine, and a lamb on Mount Zion—
An ensign of freedom, high hoisted in field,
A rock and a refuge, and Judah's tribe lion—
The great golden altar, a buckler and shield.

5 I'm life everlasting, the first true begotten,
The word and the truth, and the lamp with its light,
The sword of Jehovah, a gift not forgotten
That's sent forth in fury, all nations to smite.
I'm nothing but spirit, the true resurrection,
I'm all that is holy, a plant of renown,
The offspring of David—a propitiation,
My Mother's bright glory and God's holy Son.

Enfield, N. H.

12.

Celestial Enjoyment, Glory and Praise.

1 O holy, heavenly Father, what blessings thou hast given
To comfort thy true people, and lead them on to heaven.
O may we all be faithful while on this earth below,
To walk the paths of wisdom, and shun the paths of woe.
O may thy holy power still guard and lead us right,
Until we reach fair Canaan, the land of pure delight;
And may we in one spirit unitedly move on
To meet with holy angels and join the shining throng.

2 There's peace for all the faithful who've quit the joys of earth,
Rejected all vain pleasures to taste of holy mirth;
Such will receive the treasure of everlasting life,
And dwell in happy mansion, secure from worldly strife.
My brethren and my sisters, come view the happy state
Of those who're truly faithful, and hear their happy fate;
They're bless'd by God their Father and holy saints above,
They're cloth'd in robes of beauty, eternal peace and love.

3 From the celestial regions where heavenly joys abound,
I've had a precious treasure, and heard this blessed sound,
Come home my faithful chosen, ye blessed of the Lord,
Come enter this bright mansion, receive your just reward.
Such is the happy welcome to those who do God's will;
On them kind heaven's blessings like gentle dews distil.
So let all be engaged, the aged and the youth,
To serve the Lord in beauty, in holiness and truth.

4 Then when our race is ended, our work well done below,
And God our Father calleth, at his command we'll go
To dwell with saints & angels who worship round his throne,
And glorify his name for all he has made known.
We'll join in endless praises of heavenly love sublime,
And sing with holy seraphs in that pure happy clime
Where, far from grief and sorrow, the faithful soul shall rest,
And with true heavenly comfort forevermore be bless'd.

5 Love, saith the holy Savior, my flock shall be known by;
Assembling in my spirit, to them I will be nigh.
The meek, the true peace-maker shall in God's kingdom stand
With hosts of happy spirits on Canaan's happy land.
Rejoice, va cel' var ce ne', O praise the God of love;
Give thanks for that salvation which cometh from above;
Move forward by his blessing in his eternal power,
Which will protect our spirits in ev'ry trying hour.

6 O Lord, we bow before thee, thy mercy we do feel,
We thank thee for thy blessings, we'll worship thee with zeal,
We'll sing thy praise in Zion and keep thy holy laws,
Devote our souls and bodies to thy all-glorious cause.

We feel exceeding thankful to Christ thy blessed Son,
And to our blessed Mother, for they with thee are one;
They've taught us how to honor, obey and reverence thee;
This our delight and pleasure forevermore shall be.

Canterbury.

13.

Thunderings on Mount Sinai.

1 When Israel's Mediator, with trembling and with awe,
From God the great Creator, received the ancient law,
High on that sacred mountain, the vivid lightnings play'd;
Each deeply poison'd fountain, in gushing torrents stray'd.

2 Then thund'rings loud and awful, that cloud capp'd mountain rend
For it is made unlawful for Israel to ascend,
In 'mazement, fear and wonder their stricken souls were lost,
And lightnings, smoke and thunder deters the mighty host.

3 'Twas then the God of power unfgazed on and alone
On Sinai's rocking tower with Moses could commune;
This antitype is Zion the tower of holy birth
Where God's most holy cion may spread upon the earth.

4 But on that holy summit, but two can e'er approach,
God's canopy's upon it, no other hand can touch;
A cloud the height is crowning and lightnings fiercely blaze
And God declares with frowning break ye not thro' to gaze.

5 Ye have a Mediator, and, ti's thro' this alone
Now in this new Creation ye can approach my Throne;
High bounds are round the awning and he who through them bursts
With all this awful warning shall surely be accurs'd.

Enfield, N. H

14.

Pure Gospel.

1 Hail thou ever blessed gospel,
Hail thou bright celestial day,
When Jehovah first revealed,
By his Son the living way.
'Tis a way of life and freedom
For the soul that's bound in sin;
Come ye sinners, learn its virtues;
Hear the sound, come enter in.

2 All are here made freely welcome
To partake of heavenly joy,
By confessing and forsaking
Sin, which does their peace destroy.
Earthly joys, how short! how transient!
Like a flower they soon decay,
But the gospel offers pleasures
That will last through endless day.

3 O thou pure and holy gospel,
Source divine of heav'nly love!
How delighting are thy treasures,
Flowing from the realms above!
Holy angels, holy spirits,
Round the throne of Heaven stand,
Sounding praises for the gospel,
Now made known by Vi-ce Lan'.

4 This pure gospel is establish'd
On a rock by God's own hand,
None can shake its true foundation;
It is steadfast and will stand.

Come, O come, ye poor and needy,
Come and join God's chosen few;
Here is found life everlasting,
Here are joys forever new.

5 Here's a treasure far surpassing
All that earthly joys display,
Which endures when these have vanish'd;
Come and gain it while you may.
Give to God each precious moment,
Spend for him your mortal breath,
Travel in regeneration,
Leave the path of sin and death.

6 Come, O come, learn self-denial;
Take the cross which Jesus bore,
And partake of full salvation
While you find an open door.
Leave, Ah leave the path of folly,
O ye young, ye proud and gay,
Come and enter Heaven's portals,
Work with zeal while it is day.

7 Join with saints in loud Hosannas
To the Holy Al-se van!;
Praise O praise your blessed Savior,
Bless and praise good Mother Ann,
For this day of free salvation
To all nations offer'd free;
O ye children of Mount-Zion,
Sound aloud this Jubilee.

Canterbury.

15.

Gift of Refreshment.

1 O the blessings, Ah unnumber'd,
Heavenly blessings flow to me!
I rejoice, yea I rejoice,
In my measure of victory.
O how thankful, O how thankful,
Thankful, thankful, I must be,
God's infinite love and mercy,
Are extended unto me.

2 Holy angels, holy spirits
Now are showering upon me,
Heaven's blessings, heaven's treasures,
Heaven's love and purity.
O I will be lowly, low,
In lowliness my soul shall bow,
Lord, I will increase in goodness,
That thy gifts may ever flow.

3 O the joys so pure, immortal,
That are flowing to my soul!
Holy gifts like living waters,
Round and round and through me roll.
All the sparkling gems of India,
Mountains of the purest gold,
Never can destroy or purchase
Heaven's glories that I hold;

4 These are treasures bright, eternal,
That the soul in love partakes,
Who, for purest joys immortal,
Ev'ry sinful joy forsakes;

These will shine in darkest trials,
Spreading still the charms of peace,
And will clothe the soul in glory,
When life's transient joys will cease.

5 O what condescending mercy,
Is extended to my soul!
Then I will be true and faithful,
While my precious moments roll:
Thus I shall secure a mansion,
Richer far than earthly kings,
When my work shall be accomplish'd,
When I've done with mortal things.

6 There in loudest strains of glory,
Sweet hosannas I shall sing,
And with holy songs of angels,
Praise my Savior, Zion's king.
Short and fickle, few and fading,
Are the transient joys below;
But in endless streams of glory,
These enduring pleasures flow.

C. & Enfield.

16.

Omniscience of the Deity.

1 There is an eye that never tires—
A God who never sleeps;
He knows the secret of each heart,
A watch o'er us he keeps;—
Beholds our motives, foul or clean,
Knows we are mortals frail,
And yet we are upheld by him,
His arm doth never fail.

2 He knows if we've a love for sin,
By which our feet would slide;
Knows if pure love to him alone
Doth check the flowing tide;
Or whether fear, or burning wrath,
From his Almighty hand,
Does govern our most secret thoughts,
And cause our feet to stand.

3 Knows if our soul's delight is fix'd
In being seen and known,
By living saints where he doth sit,
Through whom he knows his own.
The beast's evasion he beholds,
From his eternal law;
Has plac'd us subjects free to act,
In rev'rence, fear and awe.

4 We see in all his wond'rous works,
The glory of his plan,
In giving agency to rule
The final state of man.
As happiness depends on choice,
We need not mourn or grieve;
Thank God he did our souls arrest,
By this we did believe.

Enfield, N. H.

17.

Happy Consideration.

1 What blessings from heaven the righteous enjoy!
I'm thankful I'm one of this band,
Who worship their Savior in all their employ,
United in soul and in hand.

To God I've devoted my soul, yea, my all,
Forever his word I'll obey;
Thus honor my Savior, and my holy call,
By walking the new living way.

2 What treasures are given the humble and wise,
While trav'ling to Canaan's pure land,
Who ev'ry vain pleasure of earth sacrifice
To follow the angelic band.
With courage I'll press on, with pleasure also;
I'll gain that rich heavenly prize;
In meekness I'll suffer all things here below,
Since glory for me forward lies.

3 The promise is certain to those who endure,
They'll feast on the good of the land;
On manna and honey, on wine new and pure,
Prepared by God's holy hand.
How cheering the promise, which Christ's words contain!
The meek of the earth shall be bless'd;
With the Lord in bright glory, the righteous shall reign,
And from all their sorrow shall rest.

4 I'm thankful I'm called to walk the straight way
Which leads to the mansions of peace;
There ev'ry thing lovely its charms will display,
There happiness never can cease.
My kindred are holy, yea, just and upright,
They dwell in the realms of pure love;
They join with bright angels and seraphs of light,
In the heavens of glory above.

5 I'll join in rejoicing with this happy few,
Our treasure in heaven is sure,
While blessings from heaven descend like the dew
On those who are humble and pure.

O Father of Heaven! I thank thee in prayer,
That I have the way of life found;
O let me still merit thy protecting care;
Let charity in me abound.

Canterbury.

18.

Mother's Gift of Notice,

Given by inspiration at the Pleasant Grove, Oct. 16, 1845.

The first five verses were addressed to the Ministry and Elders.

1 You need not be faint hearted, though trials oft you see,
From you I am not parted, says good Mother Ann Lee.
O nay, my faithful shepherds and all my precious lambs,
As chains of firm protection, round you extend my arms.

2 Come near, my well beloved, my chosen watchmen too,
By wisdom I am moved to bless my chosen few;
And first in heaven's order, you stand akin to me,
And says your God, Jehovah, you ne'er shall sever'd be.

3 You are my faithful children, companions all as one;
To you my best affection shall never cease to run.
I've prov'd you by affliction, by joy and sorrow too,
Found to my satisfaction, that you are just and true.

4 Therefore, you are beloved by Christ your Lord in heaven;
To you the rightful heirs, his kingdom shall be given.
So let your souls be cheerful, though dark days intervene;
With you in tribulation my soul is ever seen.

5 And when your labor's ended upon this mortal shore,
Together we'll be blended, where we shall part no more.
The laurels of my glory, upon your heads shall shine,
And with a robe most holy, your peace shall be sublime.

To Mother's first-born children.

6 I now extend my blessing to all my good first-born,
Children worthy of possessing my love, for the much they've borne
In memory of you my children, I oft sit in my grove;
Pour out my thanks to Jesus, for your zeal, and constant love.

7 I thank you all, for toiling to keep the way of God;
I thank you all, for bearing his heavy, chast'ning rod.
Your unremitted labors in my vineyard on the earth,
Has won your souls rich treasures, secur'd in realms of mirth.

8 Your names shall be immortal, ador'd by saints above;
Your peace shall be eternal, your souls be crown'd with love.
In peace pursue your journey, betimes it will be through;
Bless'd be that glorious morning when I shall meet with you.

To the middle aged and young brethren and sisters.

9 Come now my younger children, yea, all both strong & weak,
Come listen with attention to hear the words I speak;
For it is Ann that speaketh, your Mother, true and kind,
Bless'd be the child that heareth, and all my precepts mind.

10 I bless you, O my infants, my jewels one and all,
And from my kind embraces, I pray you ne'er may fall.
More tedious than dividing the marrow from your bones,
It is to bereave my spirit of my dear little ones.

11 Yea when you seek to wander, I suffer deep distress;
The pain my soul is under, my tongue cannot express.
For I desire to have you all reign with me above,
Blest by your Lord & Savior, crown'd with pure Wisdom's love.

12 To open the way of salvation, by which you are made free;
I suffer'd deep affliction, far more than ye will see.
My soul felt tribulation, sorrow and grief extreme,
While pain and persecution possess'd my mortal frame.

3 But I with-stood all perils, my Maker's work to do,
Which brought complete salvation for my sons & daughters too,
And now as ye are favor'd, this blessing to partake,
I pray that you may never this precious prize forsake.

4 But bear the cross and bless it, watch well your words & ways,
Do honor to my gospel, let ev'ry breath be praise.
Let mercy, love and wisdom, to your fellow brethren shine;
Yea, see that your deportment does correspond with mine.

5 And then should persecution, affliction or distress,
Famine or tribulation, your hearts or homes molest,
Your Father, God in Heaven, your righteousness will view,
And my beloved children his hand will succor you.

6 Likewise, your loving Mother, when trials do beset,
Around your souls will hover, the least she'll not forget;
So now my faithful children take courage and be strong,
Your Lead, your God and Mother will help you all along.

7 I now must close my word, dear children for this time;
With love your heads I'll crown, for ye are truly mine.
I love you with pure love, love, the weight I cannot tell;
I bless you all with peace, and sweetly sing farewell.

Canterbury.

19.

A view of the lost state of Man.

1 Ah! what is man, vain mortal man,
By nature lost, deprav'd;
Yet choose to risk their future state,
Although by sin enslav'd,—

In that dread state alas! they lie,
And follow nature's drift,
Expecting God will vengeance show,
And send destruction swift.

2 And yet they grovel in the earth,
On pleasures not their own;
All transient, fleet, swift on the wing,
At length they're left alone;
But ah! such joys are spoil'd by pain,
When keen remorse comes nigh.
Eternity, O what a dread!
They vent their mournful cry.

3 The king, the prince of high renown,
With crowns of earthly mould,
And all their honors, state and worth,
Treasures of earth untold;
Would see them sweep like chaff adrift,
Before a mighty wind,
If frighten'd by death's cold embrace,
To seek God as their friend.

4 They'd in that trying moment change
Those joys of earth's delight;
To taste the bliss which we enjoy,
Blest by the gospel light.
Then O let mortals only view,
What flatters man awhile;
'Tis what will perish, fade and die,
Likewise their souls defile.

5 Let this a warning be to us,
That we our zeal renew;
And ev'ry idol sacrifice,
That heaves up to our view.

Let not a sense of high degree,
Self-will or pride prevail;
O may we all be brought to see,
In our own sense we fail.

6 An independent spirit trace,
In all its wild domain;
That from the simple gifts of God,
Henceforth we reap a gain.
Then the pure spirit of our God,
Will cause us to discern,
To know the evil from the good,
A separation learn.

7 There is protection gain'd through love,
Pure love to God alone,
Substantial happiness it yields,
This, we protest is known.
God knows the means that he has sent,
To raise us from our loss;
Is pleas'd with children who can smile,
In taking up their cross.

8 Then let us prize our precious call,
Not mourn for our arrest;
From everlasting he decreed,
His children should be bless'd,
By righteousness to turn from sin,
Being to judgment brought;
And ever in his presence walk,
As faithful children ought.

Enfield, N. H.

20.

Holy Union.

1 O come holy union, thou angel of peace,
And dwell with the righteous, fill them with thy grace;
Come brethren and sisters si niska la lo;
We're bound for Mount Zion, on forward we'll go.

2 O lovely bright angel of good Mother Ann,
Thou art the supporter of this gospel plan;
Direct by thy wisdom, O guide us along,
Till we meet in glory the purifi'd throng.

3 Thou life giving breezes, on us do bestow
The blessings of heaven, from whence thou dost flow;
Unite us together in God's holy love,
To saints and bright angels in glory above.

4 There's no earthly glory can with thee compare;
No treasures on earth are so precious and fair.
In honor to God holy praise we will sound,
That thy loving favor to us doth abound.

5 Pure love is the token our Savior hath given,
To know who are marching the straight road to heaven;
With pure holy union true love does abide,
These are to the righteous a heavenly guide.

6 We thank thee dear Savior, who taught us the way,
We thank thee, O Mother, for this blessed day.
The gospel is holy, eternal and sure,
'Tis built upon truth, 'twill forever endure.

Canterbury, N. H.

21.

Birth Day of Freedom.

1 Shall the sun that has dawn'd upon nature's dark night,
And is now rising forth to meridian glory !
Shall the suff'rings of those who have mark'd the way right,
Pass by and go down like a fabulous story ?
Shall their labors of patience now sink to decay,
And their work be suppress'd at the first dawn of day ?
Nay, the birth day of freedom, our souls shall inspire,
We'll prize their example and pass through the fire.

2 Shall the fame of our Mother in slumber repose ?
Who stem'd her way on like a ship through the ocean ;
Who brave'd all the billows and tempests that rose,
And bearing her cross dar'd the dragon's commotion ?
Can her name be forgot, or her glory unsung,
While a voice can be rais'd, or a harp can be strung ?
Nay, the love of our Mother awakens our song,
Her pure sons and daughters her fame shall prolong.

3 For our Fathers and Mothers who laid their lives down,
To pass through the work and prepare the foundation ;
Their daughters shall weave them a wreath of renown,
Their sons shall stand firm in the day of temptation.
Their pure testimony true light shall convey,
To direct fallen man to the mansions of day,
We, their sons and their daughters their praise will prolong,
Their virtues shall swell every note of our song.

4 To adorn the pure order that God has made known,
With reverence we'll bow to the school of tuition ;
Take ev'ry degree, and to honor rise on,
By faithful cross bearing and perfect submission.

Then our leaders and law shall be our chief delight,
As we gain gospel freedom in mansions of light,
And their love shall inspire us with zeal to pursue,
The Day-Star of faith that will lead us safe through.

5 In the day of keen trial we'll stand on our guard,
To rule all the passions and keep them well under;
By the pure light of truth keep our garments unmar'd,
Till we burst all the bands of old nature asunder.
Then encircl'd with love we shall wear a bright crown,
And can join in the song that will never go down,
To the Mother of freedom who first did inspire,
Her children to slay every carnal desire.

Harvard, Mass.

22.

The Millenium.

1 The great millenium day has come,
The glorious work has now begun,
Which was in ancient days foretold
Wherein the saints should judge the world.
The book of life is now unseal'd,
The heavenly mystery is reveal'd,
And other books before unread,
Before us now are open spread.

2 Christ's gospel now by Mother Ann
Is opened wide to fallen man,
And all who will may enter in
And purify their lives from sin.
Then let us a full cross maintain,
And have all shook that can't remain;

In this we will a union seek
And have our lives both low and meek.

3 Come heavenly gospel reign within
And purify our souls from sin;
By keeping thee we will be freed
And be Christ followers indeed.
Then let us all unite and sing,
Hosannah to our heavenly king,
Who has eternal life bestow'd
To all who walk the heavenly road.

South Union, Ky.

23.

Unfeigned Thanks.

1 My soul is fill'd with thanks unfeign'd
For the gospel of salvation,
Wherein I have a heaven gain'd
And found a pure relation.
O Mother, Mother! how can I
Express to God my grateful thanks?
I bow and weep, yea to him cry,
While here I stand mid shining ranks.

2 Lo! he in mercy sent a call
To my poor, needy spirit,
While I was young to give up all
And gain a lasting merit;
That I might learn his only way,
And how to worship him in love;
While I was in a house of clay,
His gospel came, a spotless dove.

3 And now with saints I can unite,
Here within this shining mansion;
With joy eternal I delight
In thanks for my salvation.
My tongue is feeble to rehearse
The thankfulness of my full heart,
To thee, O my parental nurse,
My thanks unfeigned I impart.

4 O yea, my blessed Mother kind,
Unto thee my thankful spirit
Shall bow and bend, and be resign'd,
Thy love for to inherit.
Through endless ages ever more,
Yea, I will yield my thanks to thee
For helping me to Zion's shore,
Where from all bondage I am free.

5 I now can join the endless song
With my lovely, dear companions,
Who have in time all march'd along,
For these celestial mansions.
And I will never be unwise,
Neither unthankful for this day;
But in pure wisdom e'er will prize
This only pure and living way.

New Lebanon, N. Y.

24.

Voice of the Righteous.

1 The trumpets of angels are sounding aloud,
O hearken ye haughty, ye vain and ye proud;
They're calling to sinners to put away sin,
Renounce carnal pleasures which you delight in.

This warning is sent from kind heaven to you,
From God by his angels, then hear it, O do,
In mercy and wisdom they cry, "O repent
Of all your past follies and time you've misspent."

2 Walk in resurrection and newness of life,
Leave folly's dark windings and earth's worldly strife,
Seek holy, pure wisdom, joys that cannot cease,
Partake of salvation and bright gospel peace.
God's judgments in justice will roll through the land
On those who their call of his mercy withstand;
In sorrow and anguish for sin they will mourn,
And find that the Savior their cross has not borne.

3 The furnace in Zion all souls must pass through,
Be accountable to God for all that they do,
Before they can enter the city of peace
Where glory and beauty forever increase.
The straight path will lead you to joys pure, sublime;
You may here follow Christ, the light and the line,
Through the vale of repentance the straight path is made;
Here Christ Jesus walk'd, so be not afraid.

4 O give up your idols, vain pleasures of time
And serve the true God while yet in your prime;
Your days are but short and their number is few,
Eternity hastens along to meet you.
Alas! they are number'd who worship the beast;
O give God the glory all ye who're releas'd
From his deadly image of mis'ry and sin,
Yea, press for Christ's kingdom and there enter in.

5 In wisdom's low valley a heaven you'll find,
A heaven to which all the haughty are blind;
Give ear to her warnings and walk in her way,
And she will conduct you to eternal day.

Look not to the follies or pleasures of earth,
If you would inherit pure, heavenly mirth;
But travel in righteousness, meekness and truth,
And overcome all the temptations of youth.

6 Short, fleeting and transient the joys of earth are;
Then labor with zeal to get a full share
Of those which abound in the regions of peace,
Immortal, eternal, that never will cease.
With seraphs of glory and angels of light,
O praise ye Jehovah in Mount Zion's height;
Rejoice, you are called from darkness and loss,
To honor his kingdom by bearing your cross.

Canterbury, N. H.

25.

Holy Call.

1 Awaken and hear the life-giving call,
(That now is inviting the great and the small,)
O ye children of nature, before 'tis too late,
And enter, O enter the straight narrow gate.
Forsake ye vain pleasures, they afford you no peace,
And seek heavenly blessings, true meekness and grace,
Of God, Holy Father, who pity will show
To poor weary pilgrims while trav'ling below.

2 No joy can be equal to souls who delight
To praise their Creator and walk in the light;
They feel his protection, his mercy and love
Continually flowing from heaven above.
Bright angels do play on their harps of pure gold,
While heavenly music from them does unfold
The work of Jehovah and his mighty band,
Are sounding sweet freedom throughout Zion's land.

3 How precious the call in this bright shining day!
Come, sinners come, freely the gospel obey;
O why will ye linger? why will ye delay,
And slight the free offers of God's great display?
He's truly revealed to mortals below
A work of redemption, by which all may know,
By truly confessing and leaving all sin,
They'll fight the good fight and the victory win.

4 All holy the call, come now listen and hear,
For Immanuel fight, in his ranks bold appear;
For freedom, true freedom, the angels do say,
Does sound, and shall sound throughout endless day.
To one living God, ev'ry soul low shall bow,
For thus saith Jehovah, all shall own me now;
In mercy or judgment I'll meet ev'ry soul,
And then shall they say that my power does roll.

5 Then come ye who're weary of bondage and sin,
The field of repentance is lovely within;
Come enter, you'll find that God surely will bless
The lowly in heart who seek true righteousness.
Embrace this bless'd gospel of union and peace,
And in God's true favor you'll surely increase;
For lo! his true judgments will roll through the land,
And none but the righteous and faithful can stand.

Canterbury, N. H.

26.

The Harmony of Angels.

Sound, sound, sound aloud your holy trumpets of praise. Sound sound, sound ye your holy trumpets new, in songs of joy and gladness unto Him, who was, and is, and is to come; yea, unto Him who liveth forever and ever; even the Great I AM, the Eternal

Two in One; unto whom belongeth honor, praise and glory, forever and ever. (*notes*) Let the sound of praise and thanksgiving roll, roll, roll through the heavens of heavens, to the Eternal Throne of the Most High God; for his mercy endureth forever and ever. (*notes*) Bow before his holy throne, all ye holy saints and angels, come and sound his praise aloud.

Join the concert all ye seraphs; join in one harmonious sound.
Let the eternal realms of glory, echo and re-echo round.
Lo the voice of the Almighty is proclaimed unto all;
Hear, O hear ye hosts of heaven, hear, O hear the solemn call!

For behold the great Jehovah hath sent forth unto the earth, his everlasting proclamation by his two Anointed Ones.

Sound aloud your holy trumpets,
Tune your heavenly harps of praise,
For behold the Lord Almighty
Hath declar'd the latter days.
The Bride and Groom have now descended,
And on earth begin to reign;
And the kingdom of their Father,
In true righteousness proclaim.

The glory of the Two Anointed,
Now begins to shine abroad;
Living truth rolls on like thunder
To awake the sleeping crowd.
The veil of death is rent asunder,
And the dead begin to rise,
And the true and faithful number
Now press onward for the prize.

Shout aloud in songs of glory,
The millennial day has come;
Saints on earth and saints in heaven,
Now combine in praise as one.

Join the chorus bright arch-angels,
Join ye seraphs, swell the sound;
Join in one harmonious concert,
Through the heavens all around.

Honor, praise and true thanksgiving,
To Jehovah doth belong;
Praise Him all ye hosts of heaven!
Praise the Eternal Two in One.

Holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come; and holy is his name forevermore, forevermore Amen.

Watervliet, N. Y.

27.

Glad Tidings for Jerusalem.

Beat your wings ye mighty seraphs, as ye sound sweet praise to God, and let the spacious arches the heavenly strains resound; as we, his messengers descend unto the earth, to execute his unalterable decrees, to show forth in the eyes of all flesh, the wonderful works of his Majesty. Blow, blow aloud the horn of glad tidings in Jerusalem, and sound the trumpet of rejoicing in Judea; for behold, we publish peace for Mount Zion, and to the ransomed of Israel bring glad tidings of joy and salvation, from Him who hath established his kingdom on the earth, and gathered the remnant of his seed therein. (*notes*) Lo, all glorious is the cause of the Prophets of God, cry the mighty angels before his throne.

Glory, glory, praise and honor be unto the saints of his Most High Name, who have slept not, but prayed in sorrow for a full manifestation of his spirit among his heritage on earth. (*notes*) Behold, unto them shall be days of rejoicing, even the time of their relief is come nigh, and their vessels shall be filled with my goodness "saith the Lord." Shout, shout aloud all ye angels, in songs of endless praise, because of the everlasting goodness of the

ever merciful and righteous God. Behold he meteth justice to all, peace and grace to the faithful, but to the unclean there cometh a scourge. Yea, the Almighty purposeth to send judgment, and to make desolate the land, because of the uncleanness of her inhabitants. The earth shall be heard to groan, because of the weight of the foot of wrath, that shall tread upon her face; the trees and the mountains shall break forth in strains of deep lamentations; yet fear not ye redeemed of captivity, for unto you is the strength of the Holy God of Israel, and who can prevail against you? Unto you is come salvation, and a full revelation of the kingdom of God.

Shout aloud, rejoice, for the mercy of the Lord is upon thee, O Mount Zion; He will make thee beautiful as a summer garden, filled with choice plants, cultivated by his own wise hand. Glory glorify the Lord for his wonderful kindness unto thee. (*notes*)

O beat your wings ye mighty angels,
Tune your holy harps in praise,
For the mighty King of Israel
Hath granted Zion victorious days;
His mighty army now descendeth
To cleanse the earth with holy fire;
Righteousness alone defendeth
Any soul from his scourging power.

O earth, earth and heavens, praise ye the Lord forever, evermore.

Canterbury, N. H.

28.

Union and Love.

1 O union, thou spring of salvation,
And source of celestial delight!
In union we feel our relation,
With spirits most holy and bright.

O heavenly, heavenly blessings
In meekness and union we find;
And while this pure love we're possessing,
To God we feel wholly resign'd.

2 The fountain of union is flowing,
And faithful believers can feel
Their spirits in harmony growing,
And love is their eternal seal.
O, this is the unfading treasure,
Secure for the meek and the wise;
This beautiful path leads to pleasure,
And love is the glorious prize.

3 In union and love, O forever
Let us be united in heart;
High mountains, deep rivers shall never
Keep our living spirits apart.
Though far from New Lebanon's border,
Lord, own us a branch of the same;
While union and beauty and order,
Our spirits feel bound to maintain.

29.

Gospel Praises.

1 I thank my God, my Heavenly King,
And blessed Mother for this way;
I will rejoice and shout and sing,
And bless and bless this happy day.
The gospel pure, 'twill ever stand,
And grow and flourish in this land;
From it 'twill spread through earth abroad,
And many souls will bow to God.

2 The time will come that souls will raise
Their shouts to God with endless praise;
The earth will ring with joyful songs,
With praises which to God belong.
From heart and voice let praises roll,
And bow with rev'rence ev'ry soul;
O sound the praise to Christ the King,
And blessed Mother, Zion's Queen.

3 O do rejoice, yea skip and play
In this your Parents' lovely way;
O raise your songs with praise divine,
That Zion may arise and shine;
For God doth surely bless this place,
Yea blessings flow with joyful peace.
O praise the Lord, yea praise the Lord;
O all that's living, praise the Lord.

4 I've come with you to serve the Lord,
For I do love his holy word.
O fear ye not, beloved few,
For safely you'll be guarded through.
Remember that the saints of old
Suffer'd great agonies of soul;
Yea, they did cry, and mourn and weep,
That they the way of God might keep.

5 They labor'd hard to keep the way
That was revealed in that day;
But greater power is brought to light,
That souls can come to God aright.

I do rejoice and bless this day,
For unto it my soul did pray.
O bless your loving Parents, bless,
And bow to them in thankfulness.

Harvard, Mass.

30.

Inviting Sound.

1 Come forth and sound the praise of God,
Ye wise and lovely virgins;
Make known the strait and narrow road,
With all its shining virtues,
Unto the souls who seek to know
The way of full redemption,
Who seek the path wherein to go
To find complete redemption.

2 Will ye refuse, will ye delay
Free gospel offers given,
And think to find, in endless day,
True happiness or heaven?
Ye sinners who delight in sin,
Repent of your dark folly;—
Here is Christ's fold, come enter in,
Be humble, pure and lowly.

3 With resolution strong and firm
Come march the golden se'ra:
The language of the righteous learn,
Yea, while your lamp shines clearly.
O take the cross which Jesus bore
While angels are inviting,
And helping souls unto the door;—
Why stand ye idly waiting?

4 Come enter, enter while you may;
The yoke is light and easy;
Within the fold of Christ, come stay;
Here heav'nly joys flow freely.
Say to this fleeting world, 'Adieu,
My soul to heaven aspires;
In truth I want no more of you,
Or any base desires.'

5 I'm bound for Canaan's happy land
Where holy angels gather;
I'll join that bright angelic band;
With them I'll dwell forever.
I'll count the cost, and right each wrong,
My God in love be serving;
I'll praise Him in the dance and song
Till ages cease their rolling.

6 For what is man, that he should boast,
God's power he can defy!
When God hath said, "ye mighty host,
My judgment none pass by,
But those who freely do my will,
And keep my teachings holy?
My line is set; I'll sweep until
Proud man shall bow more lowly."

Canterbury, N. H.

31.

Fervent Desire.

1 O thou protecting holy guide,
In thy blest walls I will confide;
I hear the voice of heaven say,
From evil come, O come away.

I've call'd you from a world of strife
To live a pure and virgin life,
And you will find in valleys low,
The flowers of perfection grow.

2 The only riches worth your toil
Are found within the gospel soil;
The pure in heart alone can know
Celestial beauties where they grow;
Who bless their guide and humbly pray,
Lord keep me in thy narrow way;
Direct my steps in all I do,
I want my life created new.

South Union, Ky.

32.

A Meditation.

1 O Lord in thy meekness, and under thy banner,
My spirit finds comfort and rest;
To bow to thy will and to work to thy honor,
I'm happy, resigned and bless'd.

2 Sure this is a safety secure from all danger,
To rest in thy meekness and fear;
Though a pilgrim on earth, yet I feel not a stranger,
When thy holy spirit is near.

3 O Lord in thy mercy, protect me I pray thee,
Though darkness should hover around;
Though waves of affliction and trials assail me,
May rays of thy comfort be found.

4 Thy promise doth anchor my soul for salvation,
"The humble, the lowly in heart

Shall stand through all trials and deep tribulation,
My strength to all such I'll impart."

5 So lowly in spirit my steps shall be taken,
The path of true safety I see;
Obedience, order and humiliation,
O this shall be walked by me.

Canterbury, N. H.

33.

The Humble Child.

1 Come nigh my lovely children, to me your Mother dear,
I've come to bless my chosen, and unto them draw near.
I love my faithful children who do my cause maintain;
Good angels hover o'er them, and seal them with my name.

2 I know my faithful children, and by this they are known,
They never seek to wander, in crooked paths to roam;
They're constant in affliction, with purity they shine,
They're willing to be tried, they're mine, such ones are mine.

3 They love true self-denial, nor murmur at the cross;
They count all carnal pleasure as filthiness and dross;
They seek not ease in Zion, their calling well fulfill;
Their whole delight and comfort's to do God's holy will.

4 Though call'd to meet with sorrow, affliction and distress,
Tho' scourged by God's power, his chast'ning hand they bless;
Their ways are truly pleasant, their words are meek and mild;
This is the name I give them, my HOLY HUMBLE CHILD.

New Gloucester, Me.

34.

Impartial Blessing.

1 I bless the day, I bless the hour,
My soul from sin was freed ;
I bless the holy saving power
Which taught me what to heed.
I bless the voice which said, awake
From death's dull sleep in sin,
Which taught me what I must forsake,
A mansion bright to win.

2 I bless the first great moving Cause,
Which introduc'd the light,
And show'd to me his perfect laws,
And taught me what was right.
I bless the hand who did prepare
These righteous statutes so,
That any soul, with fear and care,
May keep them here below.

3 I bless the work by him begun,
The seed which first was sown ;
I can but bless all those who run
To gain what then was shown ;
Who kept their faith throughout their day,
And firmly stood their ground,
Who show'd the path from nature's way,
To free the soul thus bound.

4 I now can bless th' anointed Lead,
Who present with us stand,
Who spare no pains the flock to feed
With an unceasing hand.

I pray, O Lord thy strength bestow
On them, that they may bear
The heavy trials here below,
Of which they have a share.

5 O may I bless still nearer yet,
True Elders in their lot,
Whose carefulness will ne'er forget
A simple lamb they've got.
The rod they hold I truly bless,
For none true sons can be,
Or daughters of true righteousness,
If they no chast'ning see.

6 My brethren I do bless and love,
Their union highly prize,
And happy spirits from above,
Do bless them as they rise.
My precious sisters also share
A blessing from my heart;
For all who will their crosses bear,
Of blessing have a part.

7 The blooming youth, the tender vine,
My blessing also share;
My spirit doth with theirs entwine
With love and tender care.
Firm pillars may they yet be found,
Within the house of God,
And may his praises by them sound,
While moving at his nod.

8 The little buds, may they be bless'd
In doing as they're taught;

May they in lovliness be dress'd,
And ne'er with frowns be caught.
I bless the hand that doth them bring
In gentleness along,
That they may never feel a sting,
For doing aught that's wrong.

9 I bless the churches, one and all,
I bless thee, Holy Ground;
I bless all who obey their call,
And here a place have found.
And in their lot or place of care,
Who're faithful there in deed,
Who cheerfully their crosses bear,
On blessings daily feed.

Canterbury, N. H.

35.

Spirit of Noah.

1 As I sailed in the Ark, in which I did embark,
My soul was sore distressed while the nations did cry;
They clinged to to the same and their cries of trouble came,
Saying help us ere we perish, for our strength is almost gone;
We must die, we must die.

2 But my God did hold the rein, and was deaf unto the same,
For they laugh'd and derided when He called to them;
Their warnings had been long, and the voice of power strong,
For to turn them from their evil and destruction to shun;
Which would come,—

3 Yet they would not Him believe, and his spirit they did grieve,
For rebellion to his order and his call was their theme,

Till the deep was broken up and the Earth with fury shook,
And a flood of waters rolled like an ocean o'er the land;
Thus it came,—

4 And still that warning voice unto nations is sent forth
To awake them from their slumbers and come into the ark,
Which already is prepar'd, and the chosen of the Lord
Are gathering from all quarters to escape the second flood,
And embark,—

5 God's judgments draweth nigh, altho' thousands now deny
Any spirit given morals, that can tell his decree;
But the time will surely come, and depend upon it, soon,
That all nations on the globe know his judgments & their doom,
So be free,—

Enfield, N. H.

36

Mother Ann's Desire.

1 I want to see my Church on earth, stand in its primitive beauty.
I want to see both aged and youth, all punctual in their duty.
I want to see as living stream, my children's hearts united,
Unsoil'd by strife, most pure and clean, by the broom of truth all righted.

2 I want to see the old and young bound in a sweet communion,
I want to hear from ev'ry tongue, the sweet accents of union.
I want a genial flow of strength to revolve from youth to aged,
In every wholesome gift brought forth, I want them all engaged.

3 I want the Lead in Zion plac'd to feel a constant blessing;
And when all evils are eras'd, this they will be possessing.
My soul's desire, my righteous God, I've brought before thy altar;
Do grant it me, O Holy Lord, without a fail or falter.

4 Again the earth in sorrow I'd trace as in my mortal frame,
Could I see Zion in her place, without a spot or blame.
Yea, grant my wish ere I cease to toil so constantly on earth,
Then 'fore thy feet my Lord I'll fall, and praise thee in songs of mirth.

Canterbury, N. H.

37

Evening Confirmation.

1. Take warning all my children,
Our Mother's spirit saith,
And see on what foundation
You build your precious faith.
Though some reject this gospel,
Despise God's holy laws,
O see if in some cases
You have not been the cause.

2 'Tis comely in believers
To keep their spirits mild,
Be little and obedient,
And always reconcil'd.
To gain that blessed kingdom
Which we have now in view,
Requires our whole attention,
Our strength and wisdom too.

3 Though some may try to travel
In Zion's peaceful road,
Without their own exertion,
They're but a heavy load;

All souls that gain salvation
Must do the work themselves,
And those who sleep in Zion
Will finally prove wolves.

4 The greatest care and labor
Of God's appointed Lead,
Will never save a creature,
Unless they will proceed;
But those who are determin'd
To do their work with speed,
Will suck from every flower
Such blessings as they need.

5 O may the youth consider
Their privilege and day,
Be faithful in their duty,
And never go astray.
Lord, grant us sweet repentance,
To cleanse our souls from sin,
That in thy blessed kingdom
We yet may enter in.

6 The faithful soul finds comfort
In meekness and repose,
His paths are strew'd with flowers,
The lily and the rose;
Their branches, far extending,
Perfume the fragrant air;
Lord, make me a partaker,
Through humbleness and prayer.

Watervliet, N. Y.

38.

Virgin Band.

1 Hark, hear the pure virgins, on Mount Zion's height,
They sing as it were a new song ;
They're flowing together, their gifts to unite,
And join with the angelic throng.
They go forth in dances, the young and the old,
Inspired with heavenly zeal,
Uniting in spirit, as prophets foretold,
Expressing how thankful they feel.

2 Come virgins don't slumber, your lamps must be trim'd
Your duty more clearly to see ;
For know, of a surety, that not a dead limb
Can ever remain on the tree ;
For true sap and nourishment each one must draw,
And feel their support from the root,
By perfect obedience to God's holy law,
Or never bring forth the right fruit.

3 May we be of those who are found without fault,
And whose mouths are free from all guile ;
The waymarks are plain, and no one need to halt,
Whose vessel is stor'd with good oil.
But know loving friends, it proceeds from the vine,
The branch of itself soon would die ;
Tis there ev'ry branch must in union be join'd
To daily receive a supply.

4 How happy are those who this pure union share,
And for this true faith do contend,
Whose souls are determin'd a full cross to bear,
Resolv'd to endure to the end ;

Who follow the footsteps our Parents have trod,
And shun all contention and strife;
They'll be lovely plants in the garden of God,
Refresh'd by the river of life.

Canterbury, N. H.

39.

True life of God's Children.

1 O how blessed is the union of God's children just and pure;
Bright & shining are the mansions, which our Father does ensure.
Ever blessed, ever holy, shall our work and calling be:
Free from evil, clean and lovely, in the spirit we'll agree.

2 Union is our life and being, union is our precious all;
Take but this and we are nothing, sinking in the Second Fall.
Union is the bread of heaven 'tis our spirits, life and breath,
Take but this and we are dying, lo it is the Second Death.

3 Oh thou base, & foul destroyer, wilt thou take our breath & life;
Wilt thou cherish base sedition, war and discord, jarring strife.
This will kill our purest union, and our holy life will end;
Curs'd is he who does destroy it, murd'ring, hell deserving fiend.

4 And the holy child of heaven, will promote and practice peace,
God will own&ever bless him, when the things of time shall cease.
He shall reign with Christ immortal, cloth'd in robes of
purest white,
He shall reign with holy Mother, in the realms of burning light.

Enfield, N. H.

40.

Fervent Desire.

1 O my heavenly, heavenly Father, I do humbly pray to thee,
For thy never ending blessing, while on earth I'm call'd to stay.
Lead me in humiliation, lead me gently by the hand,
That I may find thy protection, and in this pure gospel stand.

2 Faithful to my precious Leaders, true to God and my own soul;
Given up both soul and body, joined to the united whole.
Faithful in my daily duty, doing all the good I can;
Giving thanks to Christ and Mother for this crossing gospel plan.

3 That I can in time be number'd with this little chosen few,
Daily dying unto nature, bidding all vain things adieu;
Sacrificing all that's carnal and self-pleasing unto man,
For to gain a heavenly treasure by this blessed gospel plan.

4 May this be my greatest interest while I'm on the shores of time,
For to gain a precious substance that I may in glory shine,
With my Parents who were faithful while they labor'd here on earth,
Given up both soul and body to renew the second birth.

5 This shall ever be my labor, O my heavenly Parents dear,
That I may receive each notice with a heart that is sincere.
Great has been thy condescension to this little one indeed,
I will evermore prove faithful, that from you I may be fed.

Watervliet, N. Y.

41.

An offering of praise to God.

1 I'm thankful to God for the way of salvation,
Revealed in this latter day;
To Christ and good Mother, who brought full redemption,
And taught us to walk the straight way.
I'll sing thy sweet praises, O Heavenly Father,
I fear not the powers of hell;
My offerings I'll bring unto thy holy altar,
Where mercy and righteousness dwell.

2 Henceforth I will praise thee forever and ever,
My tongue of thy wonders shall speak;
To serve thee at all times is my heart's endeavor;
O Lord, make me humble and meek.
O clothe my poor spirit with thy precious blessing
That I may be holy and pure;
And increase that love which I now am possessing,
For this will forever endure.

3 In seasons of sorrow and joy thou hast led me,
And taught me the way I should go;
From thy precious fountain thou'st nourish'd and fed me,
For this does my thankfulness flow.
O I will adore thee for every blessing
Which thou hast bestow'd upon me;
To mansions of glory be forward progressing,
Where thy holy love's flowing free.

Canterbury, N. H.

42.

Come and Welcome.

1 Come and welcome all ye people,
High and low, the rich and poor
Enter ye the Holy City,
While there is an open door;
Come ye lame, ye blind, and naked,
Ye who thirst and hunger too,
Come, O come and be ye filled,
Now the offer is to you.

2 Lo the call is to the needy,
Those who in affliction wade,
Come, and be ye now refreshed,
Lay aside your heavy load,
Put away your heavy burdens
Of affliction, grief and woe,
Come ye up, O come to Zion,
Where refreshing streams do flow.

3 Here the God of heaven reigneth,
Here the saints and Angels meet;
Saints on earth and Saints in heaven,
Here combine in music sweet.
Here the holy, bright Arch-angels
Do unite in songs divine,
With the children of Mount Zion,
In sweet harmony sublime.

4 Come ye to the holy City,
To the new Jerusalem;
For the Lamb and Bride of heaven
Have come down to rule with men.

Here within Mount Zion's borders
Do they make it their abode,
Where their faithful sons and daughters
Sound forth praise with one accord.

5 Lo! the Savior hath appeared
With his glory on the earth,
And their faithful sons and daughters
Can rejoice in heavenly mirth;
For behold the kind and faithful,
And the just, upright and true
Can unite in songs of glory,
Sounding praises ever new.

6 For complete and full salvation
Now is offered unto all,
All who will, may now be saved
And redeemed from the fall.
O rejoice ye kings and nobles,
O rejoice ye learn'd divines;
For behold the way is open'd
To be washed from your sins.

7 Come O come and bear your crosses,
Come confess your filthy lives,
Hold not back for lands nor oxen,
Nor for husbands, or for wives.
Give up all the Savior sayeth,
Houses, lands and kindred too,
Father, mother, wife and children,
And thy own life give also.

8 Thus did Christ set the example,
And his glory did the same;

Thus does every true cross bearer
Who inhabits Zion's plains.
Come ye then all who are willing,
Come renounce all fleshly kin,
Take your cross and follow Jesus,
That you may the kingkom win.

Watervliet, N. Y.

43.

Be ready my Children.

1 My children says Mother, once more I do say,
Be ready, be ready to meet the great day;
Be ready dear children to stand and be tried
By that pure gospel that will ever abide.

2 For lo, I have brought a sure promise to all,
If in true obedience you'll sacrifice all,
You shall be protected wherever you be,
And this is my promise dear children to thee.

3 Yea, have I not brought many gifts unto you
And beg'd and requested of all to be true?
And have I not promis'd before you to go,
All dangers to meet if you would but keep low?

4 O do my dear children be up and awake,
Be faithful and true for your dear Mother's sake;
Be willing to hearken and to understand
The precious good counsel of good Mother Ann.

5 'Tis true my dear children, in spirit I'm here,
My spirit is troubled and great is my fear;
I'm troubled for fear, lest all will not do
The heart-searching work you're now called to.

6 O do my Anointed continue to pray
With me your dear Mother by night and by day,
That all may be able to stand and abide,
And by this pure gospel be cleansed and tried.

7 O my faithful children do pray ye with me,
That all may be able to set themselves free,
That all may be ready to stand and be tried,
By the holy Selene that will ever abide.

Watervliet, N. Y.

44.

Path of Sorrow.

1 Rise my soul for inspiration,
Wakes the solemn song for thee;
O prepare for tribulation,
This thy certain lot shall be.
God hath promis'd no exemption,
All his children must be tried;
All who share the great redemption,
Purchas'd by the Lamb and Bride.

2 Think ye not the way is rougher
Than when Jesus went before,
Think what Mother had to suffer,
What her faithful foll'wers bore;
On the cross behold him languish,
While a scoffing world surround,—
Think of Mother's bitter anguish
In her icy prison bound.

3 Truly blessings then were given,
Angels did their hearts sustain,

While the dreadful wrath of heaven
Oft descended like the rain;
Then though grief and sorrow depresses,—
Rolling o'er thee like the waves,
Still remember him that blesses—
Still regard the hand that saves.

4 Though thy path is pav'd with sorrow,
Oft bedew'd with bitter tears,
Bear thee on today, tomorrow
God may banish all thy fears.
"Hope in God, for thou shalt praise him,"
So shall every honest soul;
He that loves, believes, obeys him,
While unceasing ages roll.

5 Now his goodness thou discernest,
Praise and bless his holy name;
Soon this vesture thou returnest
To the dust from whence it came.
In thy Savior's love prevailing,
Why should sorrow bear thee down?
Press thou on with zeal unfailing,
Then no one shall take thy crown.

6 Why is fear thy heart pervading?
Angels guard thy path along;
O prepare the robe unfading,—
Soon to join the ransom'd throng,
Where triumphant songs repeating,
Heavenly scenes thine eyes explore;
Where thy living joy completing,
"Pleasures flow forever more."

Harvard, Mass.

45.

Supplication and Prayer.

1 O Lord of mercy help us still,
To know and do thy holy will,
That we may not unwisely stray
From thy pure laws and holy way;
We're needy children of thy care,
O give us strength our cross to bear;
And give us love that we may come
Into thy valley and be one.

2 Without thy blessing we must fall,
Without thy strength we cannot stand;
O Heavenly Father hear our call
And hold us in thy saving hand.
Our feeble vessels roll and toss,
As we are on thy boundless deep;
O guide us on to reach that coast,
Where angry billows cannot beat.

3 We would be thine O Lord at last,
Well purified and tried like gold;
Yea, be redeem'd from earth and dust
And in thy mansions find a fold.
We've quit the plains of Egypt dark,
To travel through the wilderness;
And by the light of faith and hope
We view the land of perfect bliss.

4 And through this wilderness of time,
O may we not be murmuring found,
Like those of old who did repine
Before they reach'd the promis'd ground.

We would go up, O Lord, with Thee
And share the fruit of heavenly bliss,
Peace, holy love and purity,
Within the mansions of thy rest.

Canterbury, N. H.

46.

Blessings for the Faithful.

1 Saith God unto those who do keep my ways pure,
I'll open my fountains above;
Upon those who're faithful my blessings I'll pour,
And comfort their souls with my love.
I'll be unto them a kind parent and friend,
And they shall be children of mine;
My wings of protection shall o'er them extend,
And make them in glory to shine.

2 A cloud in the day will I spread o'er my flock,
A pillar of fire by night
Shall lead them and show them I am their sure Rock,
And they my peculiar delight;
Then be not dismay'd or yet be cast down,
Fear not though some trials you meet,
But wing your way through to my mansions in heaven,
You there have a beautiful seat.

Enfield, N. H.

47.

Sweet Conviction.

1 Come sweet conviction reign in me, spare not thy chast'ning rod,
Forsake me not, lest I forget the precious way of God.
Conviction is the Father's gift to mortals here below;
Shows them the wretched state they're in, expos'd to endless woe.

2 Confessing is a glorious work, it makes the Angels sing
To see a soul on fire with truth, exposing every sin.
This is a precious gift of God, it stains all human pride,
It drives the devil from the soul, leaves him no place to hide.

3 Forsaking is the richest gift, it is the power of God,
It turns the sinner short about into the heavenly road.
This is the resurrection power that God has freely given,
It frees the soul from every stain and leads it on to heaven.

4 O sacred truth come dwell in me, and make me strong to fight
The devil and his wicked hosts, in darkest hours of night;
Help me to cleanse my vessel clean from all impurity,
That I may stand before thy throne, from all pollution free.

5 O thankfulness come fill my soul, that I may truly hate
The filthy state of fallen man, and all his deeds forsake;
Help me to hate my nature base, which God will never own,
Nor can it be conform'd at all to his beloved Son.

6 O help my soul Almighty God, through Christ thy precious Son,
That I may honestly repent of every sin or wrong;
Help me to find new life and grace, and in obedience shine,
And all the praise and glory shall forevermore be thine!

New Lebanon, N. Y.

48.

Praise on Mother Ann's Birth-day.

1 To thee holy Father our off'rings we'll bring,
May good angels help us thy praises to sing,
In songs of thanksgiving which never shall cease,
For sending through Mother salvation and peace.

2 Thy spirit hath brought her from old Babylon's shore,
Through fields of affliction she'll travel no more;

Her kingdom's establish'd, the joy of the earth,
And Zion shall hallow the day of her birth.

3 All evil must banish where Mother has come,
As darkness recedes from the orient sun;
She is to her children a most precious Vine,—
Our souls have receiv'd of her heavenly wine.

4 It makes us feel thankful and simple and low,
Such heavenly comforts from Mother do flow;
She is to our souls like a beautiful morn,
Our Mother we'll praise on the day she was born.

5 We'll bless the good angels who stay'd Mother Ann,
To bear persecution in her native land;
While on the wide ocean, that stood by her side
And guided her over the rough rolling tide;

6 To a land that's prepar'd by the wisdom of God,
To open and swallow the dragon's vile blood;
Her children rejoice in a heavenly strain,
That Christ in his kingdom with Mother doth reign.

7 O ever bless'd Mother thy children shall be
A beautiful city, a praise unto thee;
Thy throne is erected and ever will stand,
And here to thy scepter all nations shall bend.

8 Thou art to all ages in Zion, a Queen,
Where Jesus our Savior may ever be seen;
In thee precious Mother so lovely does shine
The glory and beauty of Mother divine.

Groveland, N. Y.

49.

Reflections on Time.

1 Time rolls away without delay,
No one can stop the wheels of time;
For time misspent we must repent,
We can't recall our misspent time.
Each day and hour gives its report
Of how we spend our time;
No age escapes, but in its courts,
Is shown the use of time.

2 There's no respect to age or sex,
But each one has their measured time;
God's gracious hand has the command
Of all our good and precious time.
He's bless'd us all with talents bright,
To use while here in time,
And as we sow, so shall we reap
When we have done with time.

3 The guardian spirits that surround,—
Keep record of our well spent time,
Our idle words will yet be found
Recorded on our misspent time.
Then let us all be wise and keep
The fear of God thro time;
For each a just reward will reap,
When done with things of time.

4 Then when eternity we see,
And leave the shores of mortal time,
How blessed and happy we shall be
If we have wisely us'd our time.

But if reflections we must cast,
On what we've done in time,
Eternity will give at last,
Just what we earn'd in time.

Sung by Father James,
New Lebanon, N. Y.

50.

The Shepherd and Shepherdess.

1 My Savior to honor shall be my employ,
His life-giving spirit yields peace, love and joy;
He is my good Shepherd, I'll keep with his flock,
Whose feet are establish'd on this holy rock.

2 His pastures are pleasant, and spacious, and clean?
Supplied with clear water and cloth'd with pure green;
Wall'd in by protection, forever to stand,
To keep out all evil from this happy land.

3 My Mother, a Shepherdess, feeds this good flock,
In wisdom she teaches her sheep how to walk,
And by her pure spirit enlivens the fold,
Adorning her sheep with celestial gold.

4 Now with such good keepers how safe we may feel,
And follow their teachings in faith, love and zeal,
And bless our good Shepherd and Shepherdess too,
For all their great blessings to us ever new.

Hancock, Mass.

51.

Holy Mother Wisdom.

1 Come heavenly love, inspire my tongue
To sing the blessings of the day;

What precious gifts for old and young,
Who walk the strait and narrow way!
From the eternal Father's throne,
Our holy Mother Wisdom came,
Her little ones to bless and own,
And mark them with Jehovah's name.

2 With hidden manna we were fed
From the bright realms of heaven above,
And nourish'd from the fountain head,
The center of eternal love.
Of that pure food which angels eat,
Our needy souls have had a share;—
O may we taste it when we meet
To worship in our place of prayer.

3 Encircled with a golden cord,
From holy Mother's boundless store,
O may we daily fear the Lord
And praise his name forever more.
Let none this golden circle mar;
May we be wise in all we speak,
Unite in love without a jar,
For Mother came to bless the meek.

4 Stand firm ye little chosen band,
Keep Mother's blessings here below;
With her bright name in your right hand,
Press on and conquer every foe:
And when on earth you've travel'd through,
With life eternal you'll be bless'd;
She has a place prepar'd for you,
In mansions of eternal rest.

Canterbury, N. H.

52.

Fear God.

1 Fear God, fear God, O who can help
His holy fear to keep,
When we behold his wond'rous work,
How can his children sleep.

2 Fear him O earth, tremble beneath
His mighty power, for lo
His hand shall sweep thy kingdoms down,
And lay thy nations low.

3 Fear God, fear God, O who can help
His mighty power to fear,
Bow down each soul in mercy bow
And seek his mercy here.

4 For lo his wrath, his mighty power,
No mortal hand can stay,
His word, his judgment has gone forth
In this his glorious day.

5 Hear ye my people, hear my word,
It is your Mother's voice;
O fear your God in all you do,
Make this your only choice.

6 Sound forth his praises as you go,
Bow low in holy fear,
That in a robe of glory bright,
Your souls may all appear.

New Lebanon, N. Y.

53.

Be ye Valiant.

1 Cheer up and be encourag'd ye lovely little band,
Your way is neatly paved to Canaan's happy land;—
Bright angels do attend you to guard you day and night,
Then be ye valiant soldiers and for your freedom fight.

2 Though satan and his thousands, prepar'd to do his will
And to defeat your journey will use their utmost skill;
Yet fear not this great army, though they appear so bold,
You'll find a sure protection by keeping in the fold.

3 The Lord is our Redeemer, Jehovah is his name;
He's come to bless his children and will protect the same.
To all who will prove faithful to keep his holy way,
He's promis'd them a treasure that never will decay.

4 For one I am determin'd my courage to renew,
And to receive this treasure I'll fight my battle through;
Although great tribulation my lot may prove to be,
I will not yield the conquest, but gain my liberty.

5 In heaven is my treasure where endless comfort flows,
And this I'll have secur'd before the scene I close.
My faith it is unshaken, and may my steps be found
In truth to be directed that I may win the crown.

6 We have a loving Father and Mother that is kind,
Who through much tribulation the way of peace did find;
Bright crowns they have prepared and robes of shining white,
To give to all the faithful, for such are their delight.

7 Then let us not grow weary nor let our courage fail,
Though we are call'd to travel through tribulation's vale;

For lo this cup of sorrow we will not drink in vain,
The crown will then be given, the prize we will obtain.

Union Village, Ohio.

54.

The Happy Calling.

1 How happy the calling which we are pursuing,
How peaceful the fruits which from righteousness flow
To those who their duty are peaceably doing,
And forward in cheerful obedience go.
There's nothing behind that is worth our attention,
All we have forsaken would do us no good;
The treasures of Egypt we never will mention,
But joyfully leave them behind in the flood,

2 And travel to Canaan that good land of promise
And feed on the manna that's pleasant and sweet,
Since we have a treasure that none can take from us,
We'll never complain of the trials we meet;
But forward we'll move in the bond of the spirit
Until we arrive at our peaceful abode;
Where those who are faithful the prize will inherit,
And songs of thanksgiving ascend to our God.

3 This beautiful country is worth our attention,
'Tis flowing with milk and with honey so sweet,—
No powers of Egypt with all their invention
Shall hinder our gaining this glorious seat.
This spiritual Canaan, this good land of promise,
Abounding with treasures so rich and sublime,
We're daily enjoying and none can take from us,
Since for the upright they were wholly design'd.

4 Then we will be loving and kind to each other,
And have our deportment consistent and right;
In all our employment be peaceful and sober
And make this rich country our only delight.
A kind, lamb-like spirit we'll keep in possession,
And feelings of charity, meekness and love
Shall govern our actions, and leave that impression
Which makes us rejoice with the angels above.

Watervliet, N. Y.

55.

The Promised Desire.

1 O earth be glad and shake for joy,
Thy visitation's come;
A Mother is sent unto thee,
Into her arms do run.
Ye mighty angels spread your wings,
Ascend the heavens higher
And publish with a herald's voice,
We've found the true Messiah.

2 Come all ye nations hear the word,
Why should you lose your day?
The trump of the Arch-angel sounds,
Proclaming here's the way.
Come place your feet upon the rock,
Not stumble at the cross;
In solemn praise with saints unite
And in the work rejoice.

3 Come play upon the holy harp,—
The flute, the fife and drum,
And march the holy, holy songs
Of New Jerusalem.

Yea, tune your stringed instruments;
The psaltery and the lyre,
And blow upon the bugle horn,
The promised desire.

Enfield, N. H.

56.

Praise ye the Lord.

1 Praise ye the Lord, ye highest heavens,
Ye hosts that do his throne surround;
Praise him in sweet melodious strains
And let your various songs abound.
Praise him ye orbs of dazzling light,
Ye stormy winds and ocean floods,
Fire, hail and snow, and vapors light,
Ye fruitful trees and shady woods.

2 Praise him ye lofty, thund'ring heights
Who send your flaming floods abroad,
All mountains, hills and vales between,
Bearing the impress of a God.
Ye mighty rivers, purling rills,
Ye crystal fountains, high and low;
Ye roaring cataracts sublime,
Praise ye Jehovah as ye flow.

3 Ye monsters of the vastly deep,
All life that doth the waters swell;
Ye roving beasts of every kind,
And herds that do domestic dwell;
Ye creeping things in flood and field,
Ye fowls of every wing and clime,
Ye insects of all forms and hues,
Praise ye the Lord throughout all time.

4 Praise him ye kindreds of the earth,
Ye high and low, ye rich and poor;
Ye ancients, youth and children too,
Praise ye the Lord forevermore.
Ye saints who walk the narrow road,
Praise ye the Lord as ye advance;
Praise him in sweet melodious songs,
And praise him in the solemn dance.

5 Great is the Lord in all his works,
His wonders in the earth abound;
In ocean's depths, in heaven's heights,
Where'er we cast our eyes around.
His greatness in his works are seen,
His love, beneficence and care;
His wond'rous works proclaim HE IS,
This truth is written every where.

6 Praise ye the Lord who feel his power,
Ye who are led in Wisdom's ways,
Who wear salvation every hour,
With all your might, your Maker praise.
Praise ye the Lord who still upholds
And guards his lovely saints around,
Who is their Father, King and God,
O ye his saints, his praises sound.

Hancock, Mass.

57.

Speak Gently.

1 Speak gently,—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;

Speak gently,—let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

2 Speak gently,—love does whisper low,
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gentle friendship's accents flow,—
Affection's voice is kind.

3 Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

4 Speak gently to the aged Ones,—
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
Their sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

5 Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let not harsh tones be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

6 Speak gently to the erring,—know,
They may have toil'd in vain;
Perchance, unkindness made them so;
O! win them back again.

7 Speak gently! He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife
Said to them "Peace, be still."

8 Speak gently,—'tis a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

Watervliet, N. Y.

58.

Warning Voice.

1 O hark ye and listen, the angels in heaven
Their trumpets are blowing, prepare;
No time for a query, ye vain and ye merry,
For God doth his judgments declare.

2 Be up and be doing, your time well improving,
O why will ye still sleep in sin?
Lo the day doth appear, when the sinners will fear
And tremble for the state they're in.

3 Bright treasures unfading, and love never failing
Are gently descending anew,
To the meek and the lowly, the pure and the holy,
Who freely to earth bid adieu.

4 O come ye sin haters and be made partakers
Of this blessed gospel so free;
Pure joys here are flowing, the trumpets are blowing;–
O come to the great jubilee.

5 The angels in heaven are sounding salvation
To all who the sound will obey,
For God in his fury will bring to pass truly,
His judgments in this latter day.

6 No idols of pleasure can ye hold as a treasure,
But serve ye the one living God;

Your souls bow down lowly with his people most holy,
Or feel ye the sting of his rod.

7 Be foll'wers of Jesus and Mother who taught us
To walk in the straight narrow way;
God's mercy and blessing you'll then be possessing,
They'll guide you throughout endless day.

Canterbury, N. H.

59.

Wisdom's Path.

1 I'll learn to walk in wisdom's ways,
And in her path I'll spend my days;
I'll learn to do what Mother says
And follow her example.
All pride and lust this will subdue,
And every hateful passion too,
This will destroy old satan's crew
That's seated in the temple.

2 Come honest souls, let us unite
And keep our conscience clear and white,
For surely Mother does delight
To own and bless her children.
In Father's word let us go on,
And bear our cross and do no wrong,
In faith and love then we'll be strong
To conquer every evil.

3 For love and union is our stay,
We'll be strong and keep it day by day;
Then we shall never go astray,
We'll gain more love and union.

Obedience will still increase,
And every evil work will cease,
We'll gain a true and solid peace,
We'll live in Mother's union.

New Lebanon, N. Y.

60.

The Gospel Valley.

1 Heavenly virtues here are blooming,
And the turtle dove does sing:
Here are trees of sweet perfuming,
Water'd from a living spring.
In this vale of gospel meekness,
So delightsome to the soul,
There are trees of love and goodness,
Flourishing through heaven's control.

2 In this pleasant fruitful valley,
Good believers love to walk,
To the spot they oft do rally,
Of its sweetness they do talk.
Here does grow the rose in beauty,
Fragrant and array'd in green.
Near to it, the humble lily,
With its bowed top is seen.

3 See! on yonder tree there's leaning,
Vines that yield delicious fruit:
That, with all that's intervening,
Will I'm sure, our relish suit.
Pleasant fruit, with wine expressed,
And pure water from the fount,

We can have, 'twill be confessed,
And on eagles' wings we mount.

4 How was it that we were called
To such scenes of joy and love?
Where we shall not be enthralled,
If we're simple as the dove.
'Twas through God's abounding favor
To the fallen race of man,
When he gave to us a Savior
Through our blessed Mother Ann.

5 In his kingdom so delighting,
There are hills and valleys too,
Groves and gardens, all inviting,
Villages and cities new.
Since we're called to inherit
Mansions bright prepar'd above,
Let us now walk in the spirit,
And the foretaste we can have.

6 Here we can have heaven within us;
There 'twill also be without;
Christ has come with love to win us,
And to purge our souls throughout.
If we will endure the trial,
We shall find a place of rest;
It is gain'd by self-denial;—
O let each one stand the test.

Enfield, Conn.

61.

Spiritual Warning.

1 Hark and hear my trumpet sounding,
Sounding through your tents aloud;
Hear my voice of solemn warning,
Hear it echo through the crowd.
Turn your hearts where God is calling,
Seek his holy love and fear;
While his solemn truths are rolling,
Know ye, 'tis his word you hear.

2 Listen, all who dare to venture
Here amidst the burning flame;
For in truth this blessed fire
Will consume all sin and shame.
Here's the purifying furnace,
Which will cleanse your souls from sin;
You'll escape God's awful Judgments,
If you boldly enter in.

Hancock, Mass.

62.

Promise of the Savior.

1 I am the blessed Shepherd, I hear the humble lambs
Who cry for safe protection with clean uplifted hands.
I send my holy angels to help them night and day,
I make their burdens lighter and guide them in the way.

2 I am the loving Shepherd, my fold is large and clean,
I lead the pure and humble to pastures ever green;
No fiend shall ever hurt them, or angry beast of prey,
If they are truly faithful, within my fold to stay.

3 I am the watchful Shepherd, who guardeth night and day,
The peaceful lambs of Mother, to hold them in the way.
The walls of sure protection I hold within my view,
And all who find its virtues are holy, just and true.

4 I am the lowly Shepherd, my sheep are all content
To feed with Christ and Mother, and gain eternal life;
And all who seek salvation, and eternal life to gain
Will find in Christ a helper, a sure and constant friend.

5 I mark the true peace makers, and seal them for my own,
To gain the holy blessings and stand around the throne.
Yea all the meek and humble are blessed ever more,
With never failing treasures, eternally secure.

Canterbury, N. H.

63.

Heavenly Refreshments.

1 Descend from thy fountain bright river of love,
Roll on and roll on in pure streams from above;
In one gentle current continue to roll,
Refresh and enliven my poor thirsty soul.

2 O come ye soft breezes so pleasant and clear,
Breathe forth your sweet fragrance my spirit to cheer;
Those sweet smelling odors from life's blooming tree,
Ye soft gales of Paradise, waft them to me.

3 Ye notes so melodious which bright angels sound,
And which lovely seraphs are chanting around,
O let your sweet melody chime on mine ear
To cheer me along on my pilgrimage here.

4 Ye doves of my Mother with plumage so white,
While 'round her you gather with joy and delight,

O bring me one drop of her comforting love,
O do not forget me ye little white doves.

Harvard, Mass.

64.

Thanksgiving and Praise.

1 O Zion raise thy cheerful voice
And in the power of God rejoice;
The living church may gladly sing,
"God is my Savior and my King."
Her foes are num'rous, strong and great,
But we can thankfully relate,
In all the suff'rings she's been through,
The Lord has help'd her hitherto.

2 When Zion's sons were few and weak,
The Jew, the Roman and the Greek
Did all unite and took an oath,
That they would stop their early growth.
They form'd their laws to hedge them in
And bind them up to live in sin;
And though their faith they did obey,
The power of God still clear'd their way.

3 Historians do but faintly trace
The dreadful storms they had to face,
But still their faith they did maintain
Through every scene of tort'ring pain;
Against the dragon's furious flood,
The church of God unshaken stood,
And still can say in every view,
The Lord has help'd me hitherto.

4 Though human laws are now more just,
Yet while ambition, pride and lust
Have the dominion over man,
They'll overthrow us if they can;
Their threats and reasonings they'll employ
To fright, to flatter or decoy,
But through such stubble, wood and hay,
The power of God has clear'd the way.

5 False hearted brethren full of spite,
Have from the gospel taken flight,
And every artful scheme have tried
To break, to scatter and divide.
No human power could bind their hands,
Or disconcert their subtile plans,
Yet to withstand all they could do,
The Lord has help'd us hitherto.

6 Again the angry nation saith,
"Give up your soul-uniting faith;
To honor's call you'll have to yield
And step into the hostile field."
What power or wisdom could evade
Those snares so deep and subtilly laid;
But every faithful soul can say,
The power of God has clear'd the way.

7 In gospel union, who could hold
So many minds of different mould?
Who can subject their own self-will,
Or their unrully passion still?

Pure love and union to increase
And keep the sacred bond of peace,
And every passion to subdue,
The Lord has help'd us hitherto.

8 The power of God we'll loudly sing,
It is our life, our every thing,
And all his wond'rous works declare
That Zion's his peculiar care;
Then on the Lord we'll humbly wait,
For he will help in every strait;
And all his counsels to obey,
His living power will clear the way.

9 Their furious mobs and partial laws
Cannot defeat Jehovah's cause;
His counsels he will bring to pass,
Though nations perish like the grass.
The Lord of hosts is on our side,
And though we're press'd and sorely tried,
We will not fear what man can do,
Since God has help'd us hitherto.

10 Ye foes of Zion one and all,
Who have been waiting for her fall,
Send out your posts and let them run
And publish what Jehovah's done.
Go, tell the nations far and near,
Who from Mount Zion wish to hear,
She has surviv'd the rage of hell
And is alive and doing well.

Anonymous.

65.

Watchfulness.

1 In this world of tribulation,
Where ten thousand dangers stand,
I am call'd to keep my station,
Guard and watch on every hand.
Day and night I am surrounded,
Foes within and foes without;
If my peace should not be wounded,
I must always look about.

2 If I linger, sleep or slumber,
Darkness will pervade mine eyes,
While the faithful, watchful number
Are advancing to the prize.
O how swift my time is flying!
Daily it is on the wing;
Let me then with Christ be dying
And complete redemption sing.

3 When my warfare is completed,
When my mortal race is run,
With the saints may I be seated,
Take the laurels I have won.
With my precious friends united,
Who have suffer'd here with me,
In that region be delighted
Through a sweet eternity.

New Lebanon, N. Y.

66.

Parents' Blessing.

1 My Father does love me, my Mother also
Does send me her love, and I now feel it flow;
These heavenly Parents are kind unto me,
And by their directions my soul is set free.

2 They fill up my vessel with power and strength,
Yea, make my cross easy, my peace of great length;
My joy full and perfect, my trouble but light,
My gifts very many in which I delight.

3 I truly feel thankful for what I receive,
In each holy promise I surely believe;
They're able and willing to do all they've said,
And by my kind Parents I choose to be led.

4 I love to feel simple, I love to feel low,
I love to be kept in the path I should go;
I love to be taught by my heavenly lead,
That I may be holy and perfect indeed.

Hancock, Mass.

67.

The Latter Day.

1 Hark! what means this dreadful sound? Awful! awful! awful!
Hear the rumor all around! Awful! awful! awful!!
Wars and tumults greet our ears, Awful! awful! awful!!
Lo, the latter day appears, Awful! awful! awful!!!

2 Nations rising in their rage,
Other nations to engage;

With their spirits soaring high,
Blood and carnage is the cry.

3 Judgments now are drawing near,
Let the sinner quake and fear;
Cease the sound of joy and mirth,
Peace is taken from the earth.

4 Desolation, pain and woe,
People to destruction go;
Surely judgments will increase
Till the wicked find no peace.

5 Signs and wonders now appear,
Lo, the end is hast'ning near!
Wail ye kindreds of the earth,
Put away your songs of mirth.

6 Sons of Zion, look around,
See iniquity abound!
Love of many waxing cold,—
Surely this has been foretold.

7 See the world in darkness grope,
Void of truth, and void of hope;
From the greatest to the least,
Cleaving closely to the beast.

8 But in Zion there is peace, Alle alleluiah,
Sons and daughters still increase, Alle alleluiah;
These can truly testify, Alle alleluiah,
Their redemption draweth nigh, Alle alleluiah.

9 View the saints, a shining light,
Cloth'd in linen clean and white;

Those that have renounc'd the beast,
Now can taste the marriage feast.

10 Glory give unto the Son,
For he has redemption won;
Glory unto Mother give,
For the saints through her do live.

11 Alleluiah! Zion shout!
Th' old accuser is cast out;
Alleluiah! Zion sing!
Jesus is your conquering King.

68.

The Voice of a Parent.

1 O come my beloved and hearken to me,
For lo I have brought holy love unto thee;
I've come to dwell with you by night and by day
And help you to travel the straight narrow way.

2 O be ye encourag'd, and go right ahead,
By my holy spirit your souls shall be led;
I never will leave you to wander alone
If you will keep in the straight path I have shown.

3 O p.r.e.s.s, press, press ye right on,
And soon you will enter my holy kingdom;
Yea, the waters of life and my blessings shall be
Your meat and your drink in eternity.

4 My work shall not cease that I have begun,
Till the warfare is o'er and the vict'ry is won;
But I will lead safely my children on earth,
And guide them along to the mansions of mirth.

5 My work it is swift, and my path it is sure,
And if ye will ever, forever endure,
I'll give you a home, and my flock you shall be,
Yea, I will bless you with a rich blessing, free.

6 But do ye dear children remember your day,
Your calling is holy, O do not delay;
I'll ever be with you, if this you will prize,
And give you a crown that's laid up for the wise.

New Lebanon, N. Y.

69.

Praise to Mother.

1 In sweetest love we'll raise the sound
Of praise to blessed Mother Ann;
Our Mother who redemption found,
For fallen, lost and sinful man;
Who cross'd the rolling ocean wide
To bring the gospel to this land,
Columbia's fair and happy side,
Where it is planted and will stand.

2 Yea Mother we, thy feeble few,
Will hold the pearl of precious price,
And give that praise and honor due,
To thee, thou parent of our life.
We'll swell thy praises far around,
And in our camps the same shall ring;
To heaven, through earth, O we will sound,
And of thy holy love we'll sing.

3 Thy tribulation we review,
Thy sufferings and toil below;

And we will suffer, Mother too,
To follow thee where e'er we go.
Satan shall not destroy our trust
In thee, our Mother, nor our love;
We have believ'd, obey we must,
And thus our constancy we'll prove.

4 Down, down where Mother calls we'll go,
For there the pleasant fields are found;
The crystal streams of life there flow
And choicest fruits and flowers abound.
O hear our promise, Mother dear,—
We will be thine in every breath;
To thee our souls shall gather near,
And we will keep our holy faith.

Canterbury, N. H.

70.

Beauty of Zion.

1 See Zion, fair city, in beauty arise,
Her children in heavenly harmony join,
While thousands their order behold with surprise
And truly confess that her Laws are divine.
No nation, or people that dwell on the earth
Can boast the bright joys of this lovely abode;
O bless'd emanation from mansions of mirth,
Such harmony, union and peace are of God.

2 Then rise thou inhabitant, rise and rejoice,
For God is thy maker, in him is thy trust;
With saints and with angels uniting thy voice,
His goodness proclaim who is holy and just;

For though in the heaven of heavens he reigns,
Nor millions of angels his glory can tell,
His promise is given and firm it remains
That he with the meek and the lowly will dwell.

3 O praise him all things on the earth that have breath,
Ye angels unite in loud anthems of love;
Whose home that was once in the shadow of death,
Is now the bright mansion of glory above.
O God we will praise thee with grateful delight,
How wond'rous thy works and how glorious thy ways!
When call'd from this earth to the mansions of light
O may we renew the sweet chorus of praise.

Harvard, Mass.

71.

Mother Ann's Call to Zion.

1 O hark and hear your Mother's call,
For she's inviting one and all
To come down low and cry to God;
She says this path your parents trod.
Come wade in holy waters deep,
Before God's heavy judgements sweep
You from among his people pure,—
This he will do, my word is sure.

2 He'll purge his Zion from all dross;
And those who will not bear the cross
Will have to flee, so says your God,
Or else be smitten by my rod.
Receive my power, saith God, For I
Will smite the lofty and the high,
That scorn my power, despise my gifts,
And such from Zion I will sift;

3 Yea none within her shall abide,
That from my chosen seek to hide ;
And those who do my power defy,
Alas ! will not live long, but die.
But those that come when I do call,
Although they may be young and small,
To them my blessing I will give,
And this will cause their souls to live.

4 But I will curse the barren tree
That does not bring forth fruit to me,
And with my power I'll cut it down,
And lay it even to the ground.
I'll smite with my all-powerful hand
The withering vines that now do stand
Among my rich fruit-bearing trees,
For I do not want such as these.

5 It is the active and the bright
Who will serve me with all their might,
Deny themselves, take up their cross
And travel out of sin and loss.
The stubborn oak that will not bend
When mercy does so free descend,
Shall be consum'd by gospel fire,
For I'll not stay my righteous ire.

6 I lothe the off'rings of the vile,
But on the faithful I do smile,
Who build up order all about,
And such from her I'll not sweep out ;
But those that build my Zion up
Shall now receive a well fill'd cup

Of my pure love and blessing free,
That flows from me eternally.

7 For I delight to bless the soul
That does devote and give the whole,
Their time and talents, great and small,
And live in honor to their call.
I am your God, and know that I
Vain sinners do not justify,
Altho they try to stay around
Upon my consecrated ground.

8 But ah! alas! the end will come,
And they'll receive their final doom,
They'll have the portion they desire,
And in their sins they'll go and mire.
And now my holy word I've given
From my eternal throne in heaven;
So know I am your blessed Lord,
And seal this now as my true word.

New Lebanon, N. Y.

72.

Ode to Contentment.

1 Come Contentment, lovely guest!
Reign unrival'd in my breast;
Thou alone wilt do:
Thou alone canst fill the soul;
Every passion canst control,
When the stormy billows roll,
Thou canst bear me through.

2 Nothing on the earth below,
Naught that heaven can bestow,
Fills the soul with peace,
If Contentment dwell not there,
All is dreary dark and bare;
She alone makes heavenly fare,
She alone is bliss.

3 But content will not abide,
In a soul puff'd up with pride;
Neither will she stay
With a soul defil'd with lust,
Nor with him who is unjust;
Him who covets, she'll not trust,
But will flee away.

4 Hypocrites who sneak around,
Hunting flesh on holy ground,
Peace will never find.
He who covers up his sins,
Lo, his torment then begins;
He that's lazy never wins
True content of mind.

5 All the lordlings of the earth,
All their boast what is it worth?
Nothing but a show;
All the wealth that kings possess,
All their vain and gaudy dress,
All is splendid wretchedness;
Peace they never know.

6 In humiliation low,
Where the heavenly virtues grow,
There contentment's found.

Oh, I'll tread this lowly vale,
And its living breath inhale,
Catch the odors on the gale,
Richly spread around.

7 Where there is no sin conceal'd,
Where the heart has been reveal'd,
There content is near:
Whoso will his sins confess,
Live a life of righteousness,
God that soul will surely bless,—
Peace will soon appear.

8 Where no vulture's eye has seen,
Where no lion's whelp has been—
Resignation's vale:
Where the flesh is crucifi'd,
Where the selfish will's deni'd,
There contentment will abide,
There alone will dwell.

9 Far from lust and pride and strife,
In a pure and virgin life,
Here's true peace of mind.
With contentment hand in hand,
I'll explore this happy land,
Moving with a virgin band,
Who alone are blest.

North Union, Ohio.

73.

Choice of Pleasures.

1 How lovely and pleasant the beautiful road
Which leads to the mansions of God!

No carnal amusement, or pleasures of earth
Can equal the heavens of love.
O then for sweet pleasures my soul does aspire,
These are the enjoyments I seek ;
There's no other glory my soul does desire,
But those of the lowly and meek.

2 I'll ever be faithful to bear a full cross,
The only true way to obtain
Salvation and victory over my loss,
And this is the prize I will gain :
No sinful deluder shall darken my path,
Nor hinder my soul in the way,
For God will with judgment revenge in his wrath,
Then how dare a soul disobey.

3 No one can be saved as Jesus hath said,
Except by his cross they're made pure,
And wear his light yoke as they're pressing ahead,
To such will the promise be sure ;
O then I will strive more obedient to be,
More careful to walk in the way,
And labor sincerely my own lacks to see,
And each word of counsel obey.

4 The pleasures of earth are but transient and vain,
They flourish, and soon pass away,
While heavenly treasures the faithful do gain,
That never'll grow old or decay.
The garments of righteousness, goodness and peace,
That God's faithful servants do wear,
With brightness will shine, and with endless increase
Their crowns are most beautifully fair.

5 How then can a soul who has ever once known
The true path that they should walk in,
Forsake the known track where sweet flowers grow,
To try the meanderings of sin?
Those who choose the broad road will in sorrow repent,
And travel the labyrinths of woe;
With bitter reflections their souls will lament,
In sorrow wherever they go.

6 O Lord do protect me I earnestly pray,
Withhold not thy true saving power;
O make me more humble to walk in the way,
And guide me in each trying hour;
May wisdom direct me in all that I do,
And nothing my progress retard;
Endow me with courage the way to pursue
To gain the true soul's just reward.

Watervliet, N. Y.

74.

The Earthquake.

1 Lift your heads, ye once afflicted,
Let your eyes with joy behold
What the Prophets long predicted,
What the Son of God foretold.
Now Jehovah fills his temple,
Thence his glory shines abroad;
There his saints with rev'rence tremble
And confess that he is God.

2 Sacrifices of thanksgiving
To his courts they daily bring;

Songs of joy among the living,
Make his sacred temple ring.
Through the ranks of vast creation,
Nothing can be deaf or dumb,
All must give their approbation
That the day of God is come.

3 While his last loud call he utters,
Nature can no more be still;
All creation moves and flutters
In obedience to his will.
When his power is to be proved,
To convince the stupid soul,—
If he says, "O earth be moved!"
Lo, it rocks from pole to pole.

4 While the judgment is advancing,
Satan's kingdom to destroy,
Fields and forests fall to dancing,
Dwelling houses crack for joy;
Rivers heave and swell like Jordan,
Water fowls ascend the air;
Soon this earth shall loose her burden,
All creation does declare.

5 God will shake this old creation,
Rocks and mountains overturn,
Fill the world with consternation,
Till the way of truth they learn.
Those who will not be restored,
Sink to their respective hells,
But our God shall be adored
In his temple where he dwells.

Anonymous.

75.

Petition to Mother.

1 O my Mother, blessed Mother,
Under thy protecting arm
May my soul be ever guarded,
O do shield me from all harm.
I desire no greater glory
Than to be thy simple child,
To be clad in garments holy,
With a spirit meek and mild.

2 Let me feel thy hand of mercy,
Through my Elders to extend,
Let thy love and union follow,
Be my guide and constant friend.
I am very poor and needy,
And unable without thee
To direct my steps in wisdom,
Or to keep my spirit free.

Enfield, N. H.

76.

Mother Ann's Birth Day.

1 O hail the bright and glorious morn
When blessed Mother Ann was born;
O hail the pure and holy way
She open'd in this latter day.

2 She was a virgin undefil'd,
Though persecuted and revil'd,
God's holy laws she did obey,
And walk'd the strait and narrow way.

3 And with her little chosen band,
She came unto this chosen land,
And pass'd through suff'rings most severe,
To plant the blessed gospel here.

4 She was the holy chosen one,
Joint heir with Christ the blessed Son;
Like him through sorrow, grief and pain,
Complete redemption she did gain.

5 And when on earth her work was done,
And she her mortal race had run,
Her spirit then did take its flight
To realms of everlasting light.

6 O children of our Mother dear,
Let us press on and never fear.
Her lovely precepts we'll obey,
And ever keep God's holy way.

7 We'll keep the heavenly prize in view,
By daily setting out anew;
Our precious Parents we'll adore
And sound their praises evermore.

Enfield, Conn.

77.

Invitation to Sinners.

1 Sinner, stop, accept a treasure,
Here's a pearl of greatest price;
Leave your vain and carnal pleasure,
Taste the fruit of Paradise.

Here's a treasure worth your gaining,
Here's a royal diadem;
A King in righteousness is reigning,
Leave your all and follow him.

2 A gracious bounty he has offer'd,
Will you join the holy band?
Everlasting life is promis'd,—
Stop and hear the first command.
It is easy to obtain it,
Here's the door we enter in,
By confessing you may gain it,
And forsaking every sin.

3 Peace and pardon is extended,
Mother bids you all repent;
Come before the harvest's ended,
And before the summer's spent.
Bow before the sacred altar,
Make your off'rings there for sin,
Hiss and spurn a carnal nature,
Hate the bondage you are in.

4 Some have got a heaven fixed
In their carnal, vain ideas;
Lust and heaven are not mixed
Though you may suppose it is.
Cease your vain imaginations,
Christ the Lord is styl'd a Lamb;
Heaven's not a high sensation,
All such heavens are a sham.

5 Christ our King is meek and lowly,
Then his foll'wers must be so;

Though he is the King of glory,
He appears exceeding low.
You may look for comfort higher,
And your dreams of heaven tell;
Halleluiah, heaven's nigher,
That my spirit knows right well.

Harvard, Mass.

78.

Rejecting Idols.

1 Keep away, keep away, let my spirit have rest,
All ye vanishing follies which tend to molest
And to hinder my prayers in heaven's high way—
From my soul, from my soul keep away, keep away.

2 Keep away, keep away all ye idols of time
That are only a hindrance and clog to the mind,
That would be of no use but would lead me astray,—
From my body and soul keep away, keep away.

3 Keep away, keep away, let my spirit go free,
That no heavenly gift be withholden from me,
And that I may keep pace with the light of the day,—
From my soul from my soul keep away, keep away.

4 Let me live with my brethren and sisters in love,
And with them in sweet union and meekness improve,
Be rejecting all evil by night and by day,
Where all bondage and death keep away, keep away.

5 O my soul keep awake, and be ready to flee,
And to hide from the evil which you may foresee;
And to be in your duty this word you'll obey,
And from all that is wrong keep away keep away.

Union Village, Ohio.

79.

The Gift of Repentance.

1 O Lord do fill my needy soul,
And let thy cleansing waters roll,
Until I know that I'm made whole
By the pure gift repentance;
For true I know I need a share
Of this pure gift and heavenly fare,
And may my soul for this prepare,
The gift of true repentance.

2 True tribulation I must feel,
To little hidden sins reveal,—
And unto thee, Lord I appeal,
To bless with true repentance,
That I may stand and never fall,
Or mar my holy faith and call,
But freely to give up my all,
To gain the gift repentance.

3 I will not flinch at any cross
Which helps to overcome my loss,
But move along without remorse,
And sip of true repentance.
I feel this bearing on my mind,
Unto my Lead to be resign'd,
And every word they give I'll mind,
And bathe in true repentance.

4 I'll keep my idle, babbling tongue
Confin'd, that it may do no wrong,
And in the gospel move along,—
Ever blessing true repentance.

Now this is my whole heart's desire,
That I be purg'd with holy fire,
For this I know God doth require,
To receive his gift repentance.

5 Come holy spirits gather nigh,
For this is my most suppliant cry,
That this bless'd gift may not pass by
Until I gain repentance.
O Lord extend thy helping hand,
To help me rise and break each band,
That my poor soul may ever stand,
Wash'd clean by true repentance.

Canterbury, N. H

80.

Fast day.

1 Lo! do the sons of pleasure call
Now for humiliation,
Lest God's Almighty judgments fall
Upon a guilty nation.
Humility we recommend,
It never can be faulted;
Destruction has to be the end
Of all the high exalted.

2 While the benighted souls around
Do put up their petition,
Let us who have the gospel found,
Come forth in due contrition;
With hearts sincere and conscience clear,
All evil disinherit;
This is the way we must convene
To worship God in spirit.

3 While those who never saw the light,
Do sigh because of evil,
Shall we be flinching in the fight,
Who see and know the devil?
Nay, never, never can it be;—
Lord save us now before thee;
Shall not thy people all be free,
To praise and still adore thee?

4 No outward form or heavy groan
Will do without relentance;
The only fast that God will own,
Is solid, true repentance;
Then let us pray, O let us pray,
With heart and soul together;—
O Lord protect us in the way,
O Wisdom lead us hither;

5 That we, who having eyes to see,
May not by self be blinded,
Nor deaf our ears, nor let us be
Among the double minded,
Who know not God, nor where to fly,
But feel themselves forsaken;—
May we in confidence draw nigh
The Mount which can't be shaken.

South Union, Ky.

81.

Sure Promise.

1 My soul immortal cannot live
On gross material things,

And all the wealth this world can give,
No lasting comfort brings;
Then let me labor for that meat
Which ever will endure;
That food which saints and angels eat,
That hidden manna pure.

3 O Father give me daily bread,
And wine that's ever new;
No famine then I need to dread,
Or what my foes can do.
While anxious cares of earthly toys,
So many millions wound,
My spirit feasts on inward joys
And pities those around.

3 The earth is promis'd to the meek,
Eternal life beside,
If heaven's kingdom they would seek,
Their Father will provide.
He feeds the ravens when they cry,—
He clothes the smiling mead,
And will he not my wants supply
With every thing I need?

4 O then let nothing rob my soul,
Nor any doubts prevail;
For while eternal ages roll,
His goodness shall not fail.
I need but little here below,
Have little time to learn;
Then O that world to which I go,
Shall be my great concern.

Pleasant Hill, Ky.

82.

Praise all that is Praise-worthy.

1 Praise the Lord O my brethren, for what we have found;
Praise the Lord loving sisters, let praises resound;
Praise our meek and lowly Savior and our ever bless'd Mother,
Praise to all our holy parents and sweet praise to each other.

2 Praise the Lord, alleluiah, with hands and with tongue,
On earth as in heaven let his praises be sung;
We'll praise him in the dance, and we'll praise him in the song,
We'll praise him for his l-o-v-e as we journey along.

3 Praise the Lord for his power by which we're made strong,
We'll praise holy Wisdom who hath help'd us along;
Praise, praise to the heavens and the glorified throng,
Praise to Mother's first-born children shall give grace to our song.

4 Praise the Lord who protects us from all that is wrong;
Holy honor and praises to him do belong;
Praise to all the holy prophets who long time for us did pray,
That we might come and enter this beautiful way.

5 Let not our hearts be dumb, nor our lips cease to sound
Praise and holy thanksgiving for what we have found;
But let all strive to be living in this bright gospel day,
And gather in harvest, cease not to watch and pray.

6 Praise to all the saints in Zion who kindly took us in,
And make us freely welcome to salvation from sin;
Praise to those awak'ning spirits who will gather the rest
Beneath God's hand of mercy to his haven of rest.

7 Praise all that's praise-worthy on this holy Ground,
Praise the holy Arch-angel who the seventh trump does sound,

Praise the holy Anointed and Chosen of the Lord,
Let our works be our praise, and with holy faith accord.

8 Praise the Lord in loud accents ye aged and young,
For high strains of glory let your organs be strung;
We will build up God's order, go up, possess the land,
Amidst Michael's army brave soldiers we will stand;

9 We'll fight against the dragon and all inward foes,
And every other evil that would our march oppose;
We'll overcome the world as our Savior overcame,
With him to gain a seat and with him to have a name.

10 To reign with our dear Mother all trials we'll bear,
For in no other way can we e'er her glory share;
Then strongly united, join'd heart and hand, press on,
To that glorious mansion where bless'd Mother has gone.

11 For the honor of God we will faithfully stand,
That the nations may know we're the second advent band;
True workers with him from henceforth we will be,
And with the true Chosen of Mother Ann Lee.

Canterbury, N. H.

83.

Little Things.

1 A little voice is heard to say,
Come follow me, this is the way;
My little flock I will convey
By little steps advancing.
'Tis Mother bids her children come,
And feeds them with the heavenly crumb;
The Father greets them welcome home
With music and with dancing.

2 As lovely souls in order move,
We will our talants well improve;
This brings our precious Mother's love
Like a refreshing shower.
We will be thankful for the day
That we can put all sin away,
Have little gifts and simple play,
And feel salvation's power.

3 The sacrifice is, offer now,
The broken heart, the solemn vow,
All carnal things to disallow
And labor into union.
Great rivers flow from little springs;
Let us be one in little things,
Keep safely under Mother's wings
And live in her communion.

New Lebanon, N. Y.

84.

Mother's Faithful Few.

1 Adieu to the fleeting pleasures of time,
I'm bound for salvation, for treasures pure sublime;
All earthly enjoyments I freely leave below,—
With Mother's faithful few heavenward I will go.

2 Though clouds of thick darkness may gather around,
Fierce tempests roll over and high waves surround;—
O'er time's troubl'd ocean, my little bark I'll row,
With Mother's faithful few heavenward I will go.

3 There's nothing shall hinder or stop my progress there,
Each trial and affliction I'll cheerfuly bear.

The conquest is gain'd through suff'rings I know,—
With Mother's faithful few heavenward I will go.

New Lebanon, N. Y.

85.

The Best Choice.

1 O ever may God's holy way be my delight and joy,
Throughout my days his name to praise, be all my soul's employ;
That when I've done with things of time and I am called home,
I may rejoice in this the choice, I've made while I am young.

2 All earthly joys and foolish toys I'll banish far from me,
And daily seek a spirit meek in low humility;
That I in love, in heaven above, may dwell with saints divine;
In worlds of bliss, more bright than this, the lowly soul shall shine.

3 Tho' God should sweep the foaming deep&rend from pole to pole,
This spacious earth with all its mirth, be steadfast O my soul,
For I do find the low in mind are saved by God's power,
Tho' judgments ride on wind & tide they're safe in every hour.

4 Then O my soul, with courage bold, embrace this blessed way,
With heart and mind I'll be resign'd, and in the gospel stay.
& when the rod which is from God does scourge my soul severe,
I'll bless the hand and firmly stand, till I am cleansed here.

5 O Elders, dear your love sincere I earnestly desire;
O may it roll without controll and my poor soul inspire.
To follow thee in honesty and walk the path you've trod,
Which leads aright to realms of light, to mansions of our God.

Watervliet, N. Y.

86.

The Word of God.

1 Far through all distant nations,
  Where human form is known ;
Far through those foreign stations,
  Where former light was thrown ;
Far round the coasts of ocean,
  Far through the isles of sea
That stone now put in motion,
  "Says God," they all shall see.

2 Attend ye seraphs duly,
  In order be prepar'd,
While I anoint you truly,
  My Holy Roll to guard.
Through every winding passage
  Where gorgon imps abound,
Ye shall protect my message
  And spread its truths around.

3 The blind and famish'd heathen
  Who bows to gold and dust,
Shall hear and feel, and even
  In me shall put his trust.
I'll turn their eyes to Zion,
  Their tearful, longing eyes,
And show them Judah's lion
  In glory as he is.

4 On emp'rors, kings and nobles,
  My heavy hand shall fall ;
I'll fill their realms with troubles
  Till they obey my call.

Though clad in gold and scarlet,
They know not Israel's God;
But with old Bab'lon's harlot
Have drank my children's blood.

5 But hark! hear ye my warning,
Zion of my delight,
For while to thee I'm turning
The blind who seek my light,
Ye must be pure and holy,
Ye all must walk upright,
Ye must be lowly, lowly,
Ye must be clad in white.

Enfield, N. H.

87.

Solemn Reflection.

1 How swiftly time rolls on,
My soul reflect and see,
The years that's past and gone
Will come no more to me.
Then O my soul, awake,
In haste thy zeal renew,
For sure the work is great
Which thou art call'd to do.

2 The wheels of time revolve
Without the least delay;
And shortly we'll be call'd
To leave this frame of clay.

O may I so prepare,
That when my work is done,
I may in peace repair
To my eternal home.

4 The things of time wont last,
Terrestrial joys will end
And leave the soul at last,
Without a helping friend.
O may I prize my day,
And give my life to God,
While on this earth I stay,
Make Zion my abode.

Watervliet, N. Y.

88

Humble Petition.

1 O Lord, to thee I humbly bow,
And seek thy love and grace,
And pray that thou wouldst hear me now,
And bless me in my race.
I have begun to learn thy way
And live as thou hast taught;
To put all evil far away,
Nor be by evil caught.

2 O heavenly Father strengthen me,
My duty to perform,
That I may ever live to thee,
Secure from every harm.

Lord bless me with a spirit low,
Meek, simple, undefil'd ;
A fervent zeal I pray bestow,
Yet keep my spirit mild.

Hancock, Mass.

89.

Trump of God.

1 Hark ye little flock, the trumpet sounds, O do you hear ;
Unto your heavenly Father, come gather near :
His hand shall cover you o'er when mighty judgments roll,
I will protect my chosen "saith the Lord."

2 Bow before the throne, ye chosen ones, your God is just,
His wrath will pass you over, the earth he'll curse ;
His judgments from the wicked no longer he will stay,
He will se ren' da voo' O ren' de va'.

3 Fear before the Lord, ye mighty ones, on earth beneath,
For surely God Almighty will visit you.
His day of visitation no mortal clay can know,
O jah hah' ren de voo' his mighty power.

4 In the heavens above and earth beneath, O fear his name
For he through all creation will surely reign.
I am a holy angel, ka len' des va lon voo',
I can' dre O le van' his will to do.

5 Hearken unto me ye little ones within the fold,
Your holy, holy Mother does weep for you ;
For lo ! in tribulation she left you for a time,
And said, "O do be true, all ye who're mine."

6 So in tribulation, press ye on through trying scenes,
Within this holy Zion be pure and clean,
And God will truly bless you in that eventful day,
When nations cry, O Lord is this thy way?

New Lebanon, N. Y.

90.

Impressions while at the Sacred Fountain.

PART 1.

1 This sacred place the Lord has chosen,
And sanctified the same;
For thus Jehovah's mouth has spoken,
"Lo here I place my name.
Here also I have plac'd a fountain,
For every thirsty soul,
Which flows from Wisdom's Holy Mountain,
O taste the living Pool.

2 My covenant I here have given,
As on Mount Sinai's top;
My law's the same in earth and heaven,
And see ye break it not.
My word on tables here is written;
Let all who hear obey;
For with a curse they shall be smitten,
Who scorn my holy way.

3 An altar likewise I have given,
To offer praise and prayer;
And as your gifts ascend to heaven,
Then I will hear you there.
The contrite soul I will replenish,
With sacred gifts divine;

Who bring me off 'rings without blemish ;
All such I own as mine.

4 A garden of celestial flowers
Surounds my fountain here,
Then gather from the heavenly bowers,
The fruits as they appear.
I will display my holy spirit
On aged and the youth ;
My gifts and power they shall inherit,—
"Thus saith the God of truth."

5 I will pour out my burning spirit
Upon the souls of all,
Without respect to worldly merit,
For all shall have a call.
Thus "saith the Lord," receive my blessing,
Who truly are prepar'd,
Who for redemption still are pressing ;
You'll find your due reward."

PART II.

6 The Lord has promis'd here to meet us,
If we his laws obey,
And holy Angels they will greet us,
While in this living way.
Then let us offer adoration,
In thanks and humble prayer ;
That as we've found complete salvation,
Other poor souls may share.

7 O righteous God of our salvation,
Grant us thy power divine ;
We want no greater consolation,
Than know that we are thine.

O Lord we covet thy protection,
May that continue still;
And may we live in due subjection
To thy revealed will.

8 This day is burning like an oven,
The greatest heat within;
Unless thy spirit Lord shall govern,
The world must sink in sin.
O may this work of renovation
Consume the man of sin,
And cleanse the subjects of salvation
From all that is unclean.

9 Diffuse, O Lord, thy holy fire,
Our souls from dross refine:
Destroy each carnal vain desire,
And own us Lord, as thine.
In time of trial and temptation,
Which all must travel through.
Deliver us from condemnatiou,
Our faith and zeal renew.

10 O may we feel thy safe protection,
As pilgrims here below;
And always walk by thy direction,
Be humble meek and low.
What though we feel sore tribulation?
'Tis all for our advance;
And while 'tis mix'd with consolation,
We'll praise thee in the dance.

Canterbury, N. H.

91.

Earnest Prayer.

1 Almighty God, look down I pray
  Upon my needy soul,
O do protect me night and day,
  While dangers round me roll,
And when my soul is call'd to bow
  Beneath thy scourging hand,
O make me humble, make me low,
  And give me strength to stand.

2 When tribulation fills my soul,
  And trials bear me down ;
When troubles and afflictions roll,
  And sorrows do surround ;
Protect and help me then I pray,
  And keep me from all harm ;
Yea, through this dark and trying day
  Support me with thine arm.

3 Thy ways are just, O righteous God,
  Though strange they may appear ;
'Tis right for me to feel thy rod,
  That I may learn to fear.
O help me bow unto thy will,
  And lay my spirit low,
That I may feel thy blessing still,
  In this dark vale below.

4 O give me patience to endure
  The trials of this day,
O place my feet both firm and sure
  In thy most holy way.

Let me not flinch nor turn aside
In tribulation's hour,
But when my soul is deeply tried,
O grant thy saving power.

5 O let me walk the vale that's low,
Where cleansing waters roll,
Where streams of true repentance flow
To purify the soul;
Lord clothe me with thy holy fear
Where ever I do go,
O let this be my earnest prayer
While I remain below.

Harvard, Mass.

92.

Heaven upon Earth.

1 This is the city of our God,
Establish'd by his blessed word;
Here are Mount Zion's blissful plains,
'Tis here our Lord and Savior reigns.
Here is the blessed heavenly seat,
Where saints and angels love to meet,
Where souls in purity increase,
And walk the road to endless peace.

2 Why was I called to this place,
And made partaker of such grace?
I have a place within this wall,
Where God and Christ are all in all;
And since my calling is divine,
I cannot murmur or repine;
My soul is bound, I will obey
My calling in this blessed day.

3 Here I am call'd and gather'd in,
While millions live and die in sin;
And here on earth I find a heaven,
And share the peaceful order given.
Come brethren, tune your notes of praise,
And sisters your shrill voices raise,
And join with saints and angels too,
For Christ has come to reign with you.

4 Our Sovereign does not place delight
In words of power, or deeds of might;
But his delight will never cease
Where peace and purity increase.
In love the Father has design'd
A free salvation to mankind,
And with his love, he has begun
To bless the labors of the Son.

5 This free salvation we have found,
Establish'd here on Zion's ground;
The same salvation all may find,
'Tis offer'd now to all mankind;
Though we have not whereof to boast,
'Tis God's free grace has done the most:
For we were like all other men,
Involv'd in darkness, bound in sin.

6 But glory be to God above,
Who has reveal'd his heavenly love,
And sav'd us by his boundless grace,
And call'd us to this happy place;
To thee my soul, the gift belongs,
To shout the praise in Zion's songs.

And all eternity shall ring
With praises to our heavenly King.

93.

Lovely Virgins.

1 Come lovely virgins now arise,
Prepare your lamps with oil secure;
Be honest, faithful, firm and wise,
Like valiant soldiers to endure.
We all must mount the foaming deep
Where billows never cease to roll,
But all who Zion's course will keep,
The waves and winds shall yet control.

2 Our trials they will soon be o'er,
The wheels of time so swiftly play;
They soon will land us on that shore
Where every tear is wip'd away.
All earthly joys we leave behind,
And bid the world a long farewell;
We look beyond the scenes of time,
With happy spirits soon to dwell.

3 Though dark'ning clouds are gathering round,
And deathly features do appear,
The valiant soul on Zion's ground,
The gathering storms will never fear.
For such will rise on Angel's wings,
When time shall roll, and roll away;
And earthly joys and earthly things
Are sunk in silence, and decay.

Hancock, Mass

94.

Repentance.

1 Come list ye round my border,
Attend and hear my voice;
Ye of my chosen order
Are call'd to make your choice,
My angels of repentance,
Most mighty, just and true,
Of life or death my sentence
Will now pronounce on you.

2 My ground no more is trodden
In peace by stalking pride,
The filthiness of Sodom
No longer shall abide.
I'll stir you from the bottom,
That ye may feel with pain,
Of sin the smallest atom
Which your poor souls contain.

3 The stench of your uncleanness,
Comes up before my throne,
With fumes of stinking meanness,
Which make my angels mourn.
But ye shall wash you garments
With gushing floods of tears,
And expiate your torments
With mournful bitter cries.

4 Remember what my word is,
For now it comes afresh;

The grave shall have your bodies,
And worms shall eat your flesh;
But that bright soul immortal,
With tears ye may prepare
To enter heaven's portals
And reign in glory there.

Enfield, N. H.

95.

Angel's Praise.

1 If angels sung praises when Jesus was born,
And brought the glad tidings to man;
In commemoration of that blessed morn,
This day we will praise him again.

2 If God in bright angels approached so near
The shepherds, in the open field,
What transcendent glory this day must appear
To thousands in whom he's reveal'd.

3 If wise men and shepherds were led by a star,
To find the young offspring of light,
This day has exceeded that twilight so far,—
It guides us by day and by night.

4 If heaven show'd wonders, if planets did move,
To witness the young Savior's birth,
This day has brought double the token to prove
His second appearance on earth.

5 If prophets predicted a Son should be given,
And he to a Father should rise,
The prophets, the order of nature and heaven,
Declare there's a Mother likewise.

6 Who then can keep christmas? let reason decide;
Sure, those who acknowledge the Son,
And likewise confess both the Bridegroom and Bride,
As Father and Mother are one.

7 So while we're concluding our new christmas song,
We're confident this is the sum;
That though the good Bridegroom did tarry so long,
The day of his marriage is come.

8 While antichrist's millions are daubing the earth
With pompous oration and prayer,
Let us with good conscience and innocent mirth,
The Lamb and his marriage declare.

Canterbury, N. H.

96.

Grateful Thanks.

1 Lord, we now appear before thee
And return our grateful thanks;
For thy mercies we adore thee
While we join the solemn ranks;
By thy power we've been protected,
Now our souls to thee we raise;
May our off'rings be accepted
While thy holy name we praise.

2 May thy heavenly love and blessing,
On thy people ever rest;
May we daily be progressing
In the work of righteousness.
When we walk in tribulation,
Still our confidence we place

In the rock of our salvation,
Here in safety we can rest.

3 Here in true humiliation
We can feel our spirits bend,
And divine and pure sensations
Freely to our God ascend.
Sweet repentance like a shower,
With the word of God does flow;
And its holy cleansing power
Every faithful soul does know:

4 This will join our souls together
In the living work of God;
This will make us love each other
While we walk the heavenly road.
All united to our Mother,
Here in union we can stand,
For to love and bless each other
Is our Father's great command.

New Lebanon, N. Y.

97.

City of Zion.

1 Zion, O thou lovely city,
Nothing can with thee compare;
Thy walls are rais'd in glorious beauty,
And are lovely, pure and fair;
Here thy streets with gold are paved,
And thy gates of pearl are wrought;
Come all ye who would be saved,
All ye who the truth have sought.

2 Here the door is wide extended,
Come and walk the narrow way ;
Here John's prophecies are ended,
Lo ! this is the promis' d day ;
Zion's walls are fortified,
Holy angels hover round,
Blessed watchmen here are placed
To protect this holy ground.

3 And no unclean thing shall enter,
Neither prowling beasts of prey ;
But the honest, pure and holy,
Here can walk in open day ;
Light eternal here is beaming,
Which forever will increase ;
Here the temple of the Savior
Doth exist in love and peace.

4 From the throne of the Almighty,
Doth proceed a living stream ;
All who hunger for salvation,
Here may wash and be made clean ;
On each side of this pure river,
Do the trees of life abound,
Bending low with fruit most precious,
And its virtues we have found ;

5 Which is life and full salvation,
Unto all who keep down low,
And the leaves will heal the nations,
Unto whom God's trumpet blows.

Blessed are the meek and lowly,
Those who will their sins forsake;
Such Jerusalem may enter,
And by force the kingdom take.

6 All without this habitation,
Is contention, fraud and strife;
Happy souls are here united,
Eating from the tree of life;
Now with joy and true thanksgiving
We will sing eternal praise,
To the rock of our salvation,
That we live in these bright days.

Watervliet, N. Y.

98

Bright Star.

1 Star of everlasting brightness,
Thy pure rays our souls have seen;
Sure thou art the perfect likeness
Of the everlasting Queen.
Thou hast led us out of darkness,
Taught us how our God to fear,
How to love our holy Mother,
How our Savior to revere.

2 Holy, holy, heavenly Parents,
We thy Daughter do adore;
While we sing aloud her praises,
We her blessing do implore.
We rejoice in songs of gladness
For the way that Mother's pav'd;

And this day we feel no sadness,
For our souls are truly sav'd.

3 Now we give our thanks to Mother,
Father William, Father James;
Lovely way, we want no other,
Your pure love our souls inflame.
Mother, we do love to bless thee,
Love to hear the lovely names
Of our lovely, precious Mother,
Father William, Father James.

Hancock, Mass.

99.

A Suppliant's Prayer.

1 O thou God of my salvation,
Poor and needy I do feel;
Help, O help me I beseech thee,
Fill my soul with heavenly zeal;
For I'm on a dangerous journey,
Foaming billows round me roll,
Holy angels guide my spirit,
Do protect my needy soul.

Poland, Me.

2 Of thy strength most holy Father,
I do crave a greater share,
That through time I may be able
Every cross with patience bear.
And for wisdom I will labor,
To direct me on my way;
May I never faint nor falter
While upon this earth I stay.

3 To the Lord in due contrition
May my humble prayer ascend;
Hear, O hear this my petition,—
With thy blessing do befriend,
Shield my soul from nature's darkness,
And from every thing that's vain;
I will travel on in meekness,
Full redemption to obtain.

4 In the cross of self-denial,
In the path of perfect peace,
Let my spirit ne'er be hinder'd
Till I gain a full increase.
With this treasure bright, unspotted,
I will journey through this vale,
Till I reach that blessed mansion
Where rich treasures never fail.

5 Lord extend to me thy mercy,
And thy safe protecting hand,
That my bark may brave all tempests
As I sail for Canaan's land;
There in raptures loud, eternal,
Mother's praise in love I'll sound,
Thankful that I'm call'd and gather'd
To her fold where joys abound.

Canterbury, N. H.

100.

Gospel Beauty.

1 When I survey all things below,
And turn unto the spirit,

Some pretty feelings gently flow,
And tell me this inherit.
All other treasures feel like dross
Unto each kind sensation,
And so I mean to bear my cross
In the regeneration.

2 The gospel gives my soul a home
In Zion's holy mountain,
Where blessed virgins love to come
And taste the living fountain.
O how I love this sweet employ
Which I am here possessing,
With songs of everlasting joy,
To sound each lovely blessing.

3 I love my call exceeding well,
Into the new creation;
And here I ever mean to dwell
With all my dear relation.
Sweet peace is flowing through my breast,
To feel this good communion;
And in this happy place of rest
I have a gospel union.

4 Repentance fills my broken heart,—
O how I love this treasure;
Unto its blessing I'll resort,
And find the sweetest pleasure;
With lasting joys it crowns my head,
And feeds my soul in duty;
By thankfulness I will be led,
And serve the Lord with beauty.

Good Resolution.

1 To sin and temptation I never will yield,
With Mother I'll conquer and reign ;
Press on for the Kingdom, with faith for my shield,
A crown of salvation to gain.
In times of affliction, I'll set out anew.
All evil to conquer and slay ;
When pure love is flowing my strength I'll renew,
Grow better as time rolls away.

2 My proud haughty nature, I'll trample it down,
The gospel my life shall control ;
I'll break every band where my spirit is bound,
That virtue may reign in my soul.
My God and protector, O grant a supply,
Of thy holy spirit and power ;
For heart felt repentance I earnestly cry,
O may it come down like a shower.

3 O my blessed Mother in heaven, I pray,
Thy blessing I earnestly seek,
By night to protect me, to guard me by day,
And make me more simple and meek.
Eternal salvation is all I desire,
A meek, quiet spirit within ;
I long to be fill'd with that bright gospel fire,
That burns up the nature of sin.

4 I'm thankful to heaven for my precious faith,
The prize of the gospel I see ;
Here I can rejoice o'er the powers of death.
From sin can live perfectly free.

To God I will bow in the morning of youth,
And keep myself holy and pure;
And thus by the life-giving spirit of truth,
A treasure in heaven secure.

Harvard, Mass.

101.

Bright and Happy Land.

1 Lord in thy tender mercy, do hear my humble cry,
O strengthen and befriend me when dangers are nigh.

Chorus.

Protect me I pray thee and lead me safely on,
To that bright and happy land where my blessed Savior's gone

2 When heavy tribulation shall weigh my spirit down,
And floods of grief and sorrow on every hand surround.
Protect me I pray &c.

3 When thro' the clouds of darkness no cheering ray I see,
I cast my eye to heaven and look for help from thee.
Protect me I pray &c.

4 And when the time arrives for my soul to leave this clay,
And soar away to mansions of everlasting day.
Protect me I pray &c.

Watervliet, N. Y.

102.

True Salvation.

1 O all that want salvation, hear what Jehovah saith,
The Lamb whom I've prepared demands your living faith
Behold he is appointed my counsel to obey,
And by his true obedience to take all sin away.

2 The lovely voice of wisdom sounds from the Father's side,
Behold the Lamb's companion, the everlasting Bride.
I've sent her in my spirit to show to man his loss,
And teach him self-denial, and how to bear his cross.

3 Come every child of wisdom, your Mother now behold,
The myst'ry of redemption, I've sent her to unfold,
With her eternal headship, forever to unite,
And open a pure fountain, to wash you clean and white.

4 Now from the heavens of heavens their voice doth jointly cry
We've set you an example, yourselves you must deny;
Our footsteps you must follow though hot as burning coals
Or never find salvation or rest unto your souls

5 For lo God's indignation has now begun to burn,
His fury meets all nations while every way they turn;
His wrath is on their armies and their unrighteous laws,
To clear the way for Zion and to build up her cause.

6 Behold the judge is seated, the books are open'd wide,
And heaven and hell are waiting to have a fair divide;
For man must be immortal to dwell with God on high,
Or sink beneath his vengeance where he can never die.

7 Then hearken, O ye children, to what your Mother says,
Forsake the path of folly and learn her lovely ways;
She is the perfect brightness of the eternal light,
Where power and spotless glory and goodness do unite.

8 The sun is not so lovely unto our nat'ral eyes
As that eternal wisdom which makes the simple wise,
And while her faithful children like stars of light do move,
She kindly sheds upon them her everlasting love.

9 She is God's holy temple which he will not forsake,
And lo her deep foundation no power can ever shake;
Then let us cleave to Mother, she is our precious lead,
And Father sure will help her in every time of need.

103.

Inward Work.

1 Come holy muses from above,
Descend and rest on me;
O fill my soul with holy love
While I'm at work for thee.
May wisdom guide me every thought,
Harsh words and actions cease,
Till by repentance I am brought
To see my stupid ease.

2 May tribulation fill my soul
And all my sense employ;
In gospel order make me whole,
That ease may not decoy.
May every breath be drawn in prayer
To him who reigns above,
That holy spirits, here or there,
May fill my soul with love,

3 A love for every gospel grace,
A hatred to all evil;
When lightness stares me in the face.
O make my spirit careful;
To shun it as a deadly foe
And keep it under foot,
That I may in submission go,
And kill it branch and root.

4 I want to keep a spirit meek,
Fill'd full with condescension ;
And every gospel virtue seek,
That shields me from contention.
I want to live in love with all,
Make peace my constant theme ;
Obey my blessed heavenly call,
This will my soul redeem.

5 This full redemption none can feel
Except those who do right,
Who bless this thought, "I will do well,"
Make God's will their delight.
O may this be my constant thought,
To serve God out of love ;
To do as by my Elders taught,
Move on to worlds above.

Canterbury, N. H

104.

The Saints' Prayer.

1 The blooming buds on Zion's soil,
How beautiful they are !
O may they in Christ's vineyard toil
For heavenly blessings rare ;
O may their minds while young in years
Be truly bent aright,
That they may learn the Lord to fear,
And serve him with delight.

2 O may their feet be planted firm
Upon the solid rock,

Which tempests cannot overturn,
Or even give a shock;
O may they in their youthful days
Their minds to virtue give,
Quit all their darling idle ways,
And in obedience live.

3 For them I do sincerely pray,
That they may e'er abide
Within God's pure and holy way,
What e'er may them betide.
O may they not be led astray
By youth's enticing charms,
But learn to watch and also pray,
That they be sav'd from harm.

4 May purity their souls possess,
Be innocence their guide,
That from the path of righteousness
Their feet may never slide.
O meekness do possess their souls,—
Humility and peace,
Do all their thoughts and words control,
That they may still increase.

5 O Wisdom, be their constant stay,
And cause their feet to go
Within thy pure and holy way,
While they sojourn below.
O holy Angels, do protect
The lambs of Mother's fold,
And let their walk be circumspect
Eternal life to hold.

6 O lovely youth, do lend an ear,
And listen ye with care,
God's order through your Lead revere,
And learn the cross to bear;
Then thankful you will ever be,
That you have kept the way
Of righteousness and purity,
And from it did not stray.

Canterbury, N. H.

105.

Zion's Course.

1 Come lovely virgins now arise,
Prepare your lamps with oil secure;
Be honest, faithful, firm and wise,
Like valiant soldiers to endure.
We all must mount the foaming deep,
Where billows never cease to roll,
But all who Zion's course will keep,
The waves and winds shall yet control.

2 Our trials here will soon be o'er,
The wheels of time so swiftly play;
It soon will land us on that shore
Where every tear is wip'd away.
All earthly joys we leave behind,
And bid the world a long farewell;
We look beyond the scenes of time,
With Angel spirits soon to dwell.

3 The darken'd clouds are gath'ring round
And deathly features now appear;

The valiant soul on Zion's ground,
The gath'ring storms will never fear;
For such shall rise on Angel's wings,
When time shall roll and roll away,
And earthly joys and earthly things
Are sunk in silence and decay.

Hancock, Mass

106.

Be Lowly and Thankful.

1 O bow your hearts, ye little ones,
To God in thankfulness and prayer,
That when his wrath and judgment comes,
His love and blessing you may share;
Yea, bow your souls and thankful be
To God, who rules in heaven above,
That you're from sin and sorrow free,
And share in his eternal love.

2 Yea, bow in solemn thanks and praise,
For countless blessings he has given;
With gratitude your voices raise,
Praise and adore the God of Heaven.
Bow low to God and praise his name,
O bow to Christ and Mother Ann,
Proclaim their works and sound their fame
Throughout the earth to fallen man.

3 Bow low, ye little ones, and say,
"Thy will be done O Lord," not mine;
Bow low, walk humble, watch and pray,
And when you've done with things of time,

Your souls shall dwell in mansions fair,
In realms of everlasting joy,
And join with saints and Angels there,
In songs divine your tongues employ.

Canterbury, N. H.

107.

Angels' Invitation.

1 The angels are sounding on their golden trumpets,
They sound and resound from the heavens above;
Inviting all nations, all kindreds and people,
To come, come to Zion and wander no more.

2 The trumpets are sounding the dead to awaken,
Awake and arise from your slumbers and come;
O come all ye weary, forlorn and forsaken,
The Lord has prepar'd for his people a home.

3 O come to the city of the New Jerusalem,
The bright shining city of God and the Lamb;
Where saints and Arch-angels and glorified spirits
Are now sounding praises to the Great I AM.

4 Jehovah, we praise thee with joy overflowing;
The light of thy glory is shining around;
Surrounding thy throne are thy bright armies glowing,
While Zion's preparing her trumpets to sound.

5 Lo! when she ariseth with strength as a lion,
And thousands of angels with her shall go forth;
Then many shall flock to the standard of Zion,
While God's solemn warnings shall roll through the earth.

6 The Lord will be fear'd as our God and Creator,
And thousands and thousands shall listen with awe;

Their eye shall be turn'd to the great Mediator,
When God sendeth forth from Jerusalem his law.

7 Then peace, love and joy like the dews of the morning,
Shall fill every mountain and valley and plain;
O happy are they who accept of the warning,—
For as in the hollow of his hand they remain.

8 The meek and the lowly shall share in his pity,
His blessings shall fill them with undying joy;
To them he will open the bright golden city,
Where anthems of praises her millions employ.

Union Village, Ohio.

108.

Surpassing Beauty.

1 How pleasant the mansions within Zion's borders!
How pure the relation her children do hold!
So closely united by keeping her orders,
While walking her streets pav'd with purest of gold.
No king in his palace, all deck'd in rich costume,
No baron or emperor, princess or queen,
Could equal the glory or show forth the beauty,
In which Mother's true sons and daughters are seen.

2 O Zion! thy beauty surpasses recounting,
Thy gardens and vineyards, how lovely and fair!
Thy sweet smelling meadows and pure crystal fountains,
Where thy lovely children in pleasure repair,
To drink of thy waters so pure and refreshing,
And gather the dew-drops on thy vintage found,
Brings sweet consolation and heavenly blessing,
While seraphs and angels are gathering around.

3 Descend ye pure spirits from heaven's fair regions,
Come dwell with the righteous in Zion below,
And saints of bright Wisdom, in songs of thanksgiving.
Rejoice ye, while loudly the trumpets do blow;
Ye birds of the forest, with music enchanting,
Come tune up your voices, sing praises to God,
While rivers of comfort roll on from the mountain,
And oceans of love from that sacred abode.

4 Thanks be to kind heaven for blessings unnumber'd
Which we are enjoying in this latter day;
O Zion! blest harbor! where peace and contentment
Abound, and all evil does vanish away.
Rejoice ye cross bearers, a crown ever glorious,
In the heaven of love is prepared for you;
The faithful in duty will come off victorious,
Rejoicing in praises and songs ever new.

Canterbury, N. H.

109.

Heavenly City.

1 Lo Christ has appear'd in bright glory divine,
To establish his kingdom on earth;
The heavenly city with beauty doth shine,
'Tis fill'd with thanksgiving and mirth.
The seventh loud trumpet the angel doth sound,
The dead from their slumbers awake;
While the bright throne of God all the saints do surround,
The earth and the heavens do shake.

2 All souls must appear at the great judgment seat,
The sea shall now give up her dead;

The justice of heaven the wicked must meet,
Wherever for refuge they've fled.
For thy righteous Savior the work has begun,
The power of death to subdue;
The myst'ry of God will be finish'd and done,
And all things created anew.

New Lebanon, N. Y.

110.

Earnest Petition.

1 O God, our Heavenly Father, before thee we appear,
To offer our petition with reverence and fear.
Do hear our supplication and grant to us our prayer;
May every humble seeker in thy salvation share.

2 For souls now bound in darkness, O Lord, I pray to thee,—
Extend to them thy mercy and set their spirits free.
May heralds of thy gospel, proclaim thy word abroad,
Till every tongue and nation shall know that thou art God.

3 In this last dispensation, may souls awake and hear
The sound of free salvation, to all both far and near.
May they as little children receive the second birth,
And bow unto thine order which thou hast plac'd on earth.

4 O Lord, do clothe thy children with charity and love,
May they possess that wisdom which cometh from above;
May all now be prepared and ready to receive,
The heavy laden sinner who will thy word believe.

Shirley, Mass.

111.

The Morning Sun.

1 Now we see the morning sun,
Heaven's glory is begun;
Truth and righteousness do reign,
Why should mortal man complain?
Pure and clear is made the way,
All may work for now 'tis day.

2 Shining hosts are on our side,
Heaven's door is open wide!
We may rise from every loss,
Bearing up a solid cross,
In this bright and shining way,
If we'll work while it is day.

3 We may gain our life, our all,
Far above old nature's fall;—
Clear of every spot or stain,
With the saints in glory reign,
Where all heaven seems to say,
"Work ye now while it is day."

4 Prove the gospel, make it yours,
Which eternal life insures;—
Leave all earthly ties behind,
Shake yourselves of what would bind,—
Come, O come without delay,
Work, O work while it is day.

5 Sure it is the harvest time,—
Heavenly fruits are in their prime,—

Gifts and graces flowing free,
In this glorious Jubilee;—
Gather now a store,—we may,
If we'll work while it is day.

6 True obedience is the track,—
Never let our hands be slack,
Putting down the evil tree,
Digging deep that we may see
How to put all self away—
Here's the work of this great day.

South Union, Ky.

112.

Remembrance of Mother.

1 O Mother, my parent, extend me thy arm,
As I in thy foot-steps proceed,
And shield my poor soul from all dangers which harm,
Or my daily progress impede.
Thy love is my refuge, protection and stay,
Most highly the same I will prize;
And while on the earth, I'll abide in this way,
Thus reap the reward of the wise.

2 How great is the treasure thy spirit did bring
To save my poor soul from the fall;—
The song of redemption forever I'll sing,
And honor my heavenly call.
Thy praise I will sound to the ends of the earth,
And nations, both foreign and near,
May come if they will and respond in the mirth,
And of thy sweet innocence hear.

3 In love I'll unite as I echo the sound,—
And join in the song and the dance;
For blessings unnumber'd my spirit has found,
As I towards heaven advance.
No transient allurements, though sparkling they seem,
Shall hinder my soul in this day;
I'll shun them at once as a phantom or dream,
And zealously walk the straight way.

4 The cross is my pleasure, in it I'll abide,—
No more will I wander in sin,
But in the true wisdom of Mother confide,
A mansion in heaven to win.
There I in the spirit with saints can rejoice,
No strangers to harm my retreat;
Before the bright throne there with one solemn voice,
God's praises in full to repeat.

Canterbury, N. H.

113.

Jubilee.

1 The gospel is advancing
And freedom is commencing,
With leaping and with dancing
We'll hail the jubilee.
The fire is increasing,
The flame is never ceasing,
I feel I am releasing,—
And now I will be free.

2 Now in the strength of union,
Subdue the great apolyon,

Believers in communion
Proclaim the jubilee ;
And while the trump is sounding,
And antichrist confounding,—
Our love and zeal abounding,
Determin'd to be free.

3 With freedom I'm delighted,—
I will not feel affrighted,
Come let us be united
And sound the jubilee.
The bands of sin are breaking,—
The devil's kingdom shaking,
And his foundation quaking,
Because we will be free.

4 And now each true believer
Will bind the old deceiver,
And keep him bound forever,
Throughout the jubilee.
This work of tribulation
Is free from condemnation,
And brings complete salvation
To all who will be free.

5 The gospel fire is blazing,—
The world with wonder gazing,
They say, "It is amazing,—
Is this your jubilee?"
But we will shout like thunder
And fill the world with wonder,—
We'll break all bands asunder,
And then we will be free.

114.

Words of Holy Wisdom.

1 O come, my little ones and learn of me,
My sons and my daughters in purity ;
Let not your hands be slack, but keep the narrow track,
And ye shall never lack simplicity.

2 O hear the blessed sound, true Wisdom's voice,
'Tis rolling all around, make firm your choice ;
Do put your trust in me and I will set you free.
In perfect liberty ye shall rejoice.

3 If ye will bow to God, where he is found,
His gifts and graces here shall much abound ;
But in the valley low your feet must ever go,
For there alone, you know, true peace is found.

4 All ye who do delight in Wisdom's ways,
And walk in this clear light she now displays,
Shall yet with saints above in never failing love,
With Mother's spotless dove your voices raise.

5 Be thankful that ye hear the gospel sound,
And in the bond of truth be strongly bound ;
Ye ever will have need, to every counsel heed,
Which is a wall indeed, to guard you round.

Enfield, N. H.

115.

Petition and Promise.

1 I want union pure and good,
I want love that is sincere ;

This to me is heavenly food,
This I'll hold a prize most dear ;
And for this I'll sacrifice
What the nat'ral mind holds dear ;
Self-denial I'll practise,
In the cross I'll persevere.

2 Help, O help me, Lord I pray,
To obey my holy call ;
From thy pure and perfect way
May I never, never fall.
Guardian spirits, angels bright,
Spread your pure protecting wings,
Hover round me day and night,
Be my constant guardian friends.

3 Blessed Leaders, kind and dear,
Grant this humble boon of mine,
That your love I ever share
While I'm on the shores of time.
Faithful brethren, one and all,
Your pure strength I want to feel ;
Sisters too, on you I call,
Tender love on me distil.

4 Every other grace I seek,
Every gospel grace be mine ;
Clothe my spirit, feed my soul,
Be to me a guide divine.
These are riches to abide,
And if these I fail to gain,
Though I gain the world beside,
Nothing worth and nought I am.

5 But if these I gain and hold,
Though no earthly fee I claim,
Not her silver or her gold,
I have wealth her kings ne'er gain'd.
These will help me to sustain
Losses, crosses, trials sore;
These forever will remain
True to me when time is o'er.

Canterbury, N. H.

116.

Wisdom's Harp of Peace.

1 Ye evening zephyrs, gently blow,
Proclaim sweet liberty,
Ye icy woodlands melt and flow,
Put on prosperity;
Ye mighty winds, go and declare
That Wisdom cometh soon;
From pole to pole cry ye, prepare,
Ye kings and noble men.

2 Ye sloops of war, now cease your strife,
Go, of my goodness tell,—
To those who hope and seek for life,
Say, come with Wisdom dwell.
For with the meek I will be found,
The prudent I will own;
Justice and mercy I will sound,
Through earth I will be known.

3 Ye fleet wing'd songsters of the grove,
Go sing in distant lands

The sacred notes of liberty,
On ev'ry spray and strand.
Ye starry regions shout for joy,
Roll on, and tire ye not,
But with the midnight orb espy
What God hath brought about.

4 Ask ye the seraphs of his court,
As to and fro they fly,
When Wisdom doth descend to earth,
And bring her angels nigh;
And what shall be the sign to those
Who know not of her ways,
Who've walk'd in haughty nature's road
Their earliest, best of days?

5 Ask if she will not mercy show
To those who now repent,
And hearken to that warning voice
Which God himself hath sent.
Then let the planets in their course
Declare my law is love,
To mortal hearts convey that grace
Which comes from God above.

6 Ye angels, write truth on each brow,
Print justice in each heart;
O bend each knee, that they may bow
Before God's throne aright.
Then let the heavens drop a sign,
A ball of fire by night,
A whitish cloud of smoke at noon,
To guard their footsteps right.

7 A shade of that from them conceal'd,
A guide to purer light,
Which unto them shall be reveal'd
Soon as they've strength of sight.
First, in a still small voice I come,
Saith Wisdom's holy breath,
O'er all creation spread a calm,
While I pass through the earth.

8 Then as a rolling chariot wheel
My footsteps ye may hear,
A sound 'twill penetrate the soul,
And die not on the ear.
As clad for battle, ye shall see
Souls pass throughout your camps,
Sounding the word of the Most High,
With swords and burning lamps.

Canterbury, N. H.

117.

A Prayer to the Savior.

1 Almighty Savior, hear my prayer,
O heal my soul with sorrow torn;
A wounded spirit who can bear?
Yet by thy help it can be borne.

2 Give me, O Lord, repenting pow'r,
To bring my haughty nature low:
To make me watchful ev'ry hour
And guard my steps where e'er I go.

3 Thy mercy Lord, from time to to time,
Has reached my soul when sore oppressed

Thou didst pass by my every crime,
I with forgiving love was bless'd.

4 Once more kind Savior, condescend
To satiate this soul of mine;
And from henceforth till time shall end
This soul forever shall be thine.

5 Thou hast declar'd all souls are thine
And I'll confirm thy righteous claim,
And for a proof I'll give up mine,
In honor to thy sacred name.

6 So I'll relinquish all demands
For any good I've ever done:
I'll throw my soul into thy hands,
And trust thy mercy, that alone.

118.

Excellency of the Gospel.

1 O Zion! thou beautiful City of God,
How holy thy order! how sweet thy abode!
How pleasant thy valleys where pure lilies grow,
Where love and sweet union continually flow.
Thy walks are delightful, so lovely and clean,
Thy pastures, how fertile! how fresh and how green!
Thy waters are cleansing, refreshing and fine,
So clear and transparent,—how brightly they shine!

2 Thy walls are as jasper, engraven with peace,
Thy laws are most holy, thy children increase;
So order and beauty thy dwellings bespread,
On sweetest of manna thy children are fed;

Yea richest of food and the purest of wine,
There's milk and there's honey and waters refin'd,
Within thy pure walls, O thou City of God,—
Thy dwellings are sacred, and sweet thy abode.

Canterbury, N. H.

119.

Hill of Zion.

1 Here at this living fountain shall many souls yet drink,
And play around its borders and kneel upon its brink.
Here is my living fountain, here is my burning throne,
And here my mighty power, to nations shall be known.

2 Forth from this Hill of Zion, my word it shall proceed,
To call lost souls to judgment, for every word and deed.
For long ago I promised that there should be a day,
When righteousness should enter and sin be put away.

3 The time has now arrived, this promise to fulfill,
To every tongue and nation, lo! I send forth my will;
And every tongue and people shall yet be made to know,
That I now sit in Judgment, upon my throne below;

4 Hark to the rolling thunder, look! see the lightnings gleam,
The rocks are rent asunder, and frightful chasms seen.
This is a sign to mortals, that they may surely know,
That I am now determined, to govern all below.

Harvard, Mass.

120.

Glorious Pathway.

1 Come brethren and sisters with joy we will sing,
Unto God our Creator pure offerings bring,

Our thanks shall ascend to his holy bright throne
For the way of salvation to us he has shown.
In mercy he's call'd us to share in his love,
And show'd us the pathway to glories above:—
O heavenly Father, our voices we'll raise,
In songs of rejoicing thy name we will praise.

2 O merciful Father, to thee we will bow,
In humiliation our souls shall come low;
We'll walk in thy valleys so precious and fair,
And drink holy waters celestial and clear;
For low in thy valleys rich treasures are found,
And blessings unnumber'd are flowing around,
And here do thy mercies continually flow,
O holy, bright Father, as onward we go.

Canterbury, N. H.

121.

Blessed Treasure.

1 My soul does long to feel the eternal power of God
And freely take my fill of wine and living bread;
Except I eat of this, I must with hunger starve,
This blessed treasure I do want, for this I daily strive.

2 Lord, let thy searching power, now quicken every heart,
Let love and union flow, that each one have a part.
Souls must awake from sleep, for God is surely here,
'Tis time the bands of death to break and to the call give ear.

3 My soul, arise, move on, nor fear the powers of hell;
Be valiant, firm and strong, this will the clouds dispel.
Come on ye lovely band, let heavenly music ring,
I'll march with you to Canaan's land, and loud hosannas sing.

Enfield, Conn.

122.

Heavenly Bread.

1 While years so swiftly roll away,
And seasons bound without delay,
O may I keep a rival pace,
Nor foolishly one moment waste.
May thankfulness in me abound
That I've a home on Holy Ground
Where I can find that living bread
By which the hungry soul is fed.

2 This bread, the needy, will supply,
That they may live and never die;
It is a saving power within,
To crucify the man of sin.
This living bread, the word of God,
Is like a sharp, two-edged sword;
It crucifies the inward foe,
That souls in purity may grow.

3 It makes the vessel pure and clean,
And washes out the stains of sin
From all who do the word receive,
And in its quick'ning power believe,
It searches out each secret thought,
And all is into judgment brought,
That cannot have a dwelling place
Among the chosen heirs of grace.

4 The vessel thus swept pure and clean
From every act and stain of sin,
Is fitted for the true abode
And temple of the living God.

Do not defile in any way,
The spirit loudly seems to say,
This temple of the great I AM
Who taketh his abode in man.

Canterbury, N. H.

123.

Innocence.

1 O that my last end may be peace,
Blest Father James did say;
And wash my hands in innocence,
Thus he did often pray.
He call'd on us the gospel babes,
This prayer for him to pray;
The mem'ry of this precept aids
Us in this humble way.

2 O innocence, thou happy guest,
Thy subjects all are free;
With guilt I'm sure I cannot rest,
It is too hard for me.
Is there a soul who can abide
And spend its days in guilt?
While innocence bleeds at his side,
For which Christ's blood was spilt.

3 Come innocence, come welcome here,
My soul shall cherish thee;
There's nought on earth that is so dear,
That I can feel or see.
Mild innocence, take the command
And reign within my heart,

For thou canst break the strongest band,
And quench the fiery dart.

4 Come innocence, triumphant ride
Through all Mount Zion's land,
For sure there's nothing can abide,
That's not at thy command.
The precious gift of innocence
Can calm the greatest storm,
And is a safe and sure defence
Against the gnawing worm.

New Lebanon, N. Y.

124.

New Jerusalem.

1 The Lord calls for Zion to work for her own,
And who is prepar'd for the same,
To help purge the temple, erected alone,
For him, where his spirit may reign.
O Zion, thy garners that are to contain
The pure, holy spirit of God,
Must surely be cleans'd, that she may sustain
The true saving, life-giving word.

2 Jerusalem, thy streets shall be wet yet with tears,
Repentance, a seat yet shall find
Within thee, where she can her spirit display,
And make thee of one heart and mind.
A light thou shalt be to all people around,—
A city which cannot be hid :
All nations shall seek thee and thou shalt be found
The throne of the one living God.

Enfield, N. H.

125.

Precious Gift.

1 The innocent, how clean and pure,
Their sins are all forgiven;
So they forever will endure,—
Joint heirs with Christ in heaven.
O that my last end may be peace,
So that we truly may
Wash our hands clean in innocence,—
Like Father James we pray.

2 This precious gift that I have sent,
Is for my children to repent;
O do come down, O do come low,
So that the gift can freely flow.
Selon' sa van'sa can ava',
You must repent this is the way;
And if my children you would be,
Do wash your souls and set them free.

3 If deep in you this work is wrought,
The gifts of God to you'll be brought,
But you must labor night and day,
O, you must watch and you must pray.
The fear of God you must obtain
Before his gift you'll ever gain;
Your Mother, she has strove for you,
She wants you just, she wants you true.

4 The gifts of God she's brought around,
But this one gift you have not found.
O brethren all and sisters too,
Don't miss this gift, it is for you.

Repentance is the gift you know,
That first in her did ever flow;
And Mother says if you'll do right,
She'll help you all by day and night.

New Lebanon, N. Y.

126.

Mother Ann's Prayer.

1 Teach me, O Lord, to do thy will,
And to thy word in silence bow;
O lead me to thy fountain rill,
Where I can feel thy mercies flow.
Let me not boast of power great,
Or in my sense suffer to be
One single atom of that love
Which covets praises unto me.

2 Teach me a sense of Godly fear,
Thy holy will and word revere;
Teach me thy holy word to keep,
And in thy lovely way to steer.
Let me not run in nature's wild.
But in thy wisdom guide my bark;
I feel myself a feeble worm,
And am, without thee, in the dark.

3 O lay my spirit very low,—
O Holy Mother, guide me safe;—
I feel the burden of the Lord,
Upon my soul a heavy sheaf;

Yet in thy will, I will go on
To do the work thou dost require;
In this I feel my duty done,
Even as thou of me desire.

Enfield, N. H.

127.

Firm Supporter.

1 I will walk in true obedience, I will be a child of love;
And in low humiliation I will praise my God above.
I will love my blessed Mother and obey her holy word,
In submission to my Elders, this will join me to the Lord.

2 I will stand when persecution doth around like billows roll,
I will bow in true subjection and my carnal will control.
I will stand a firm believer in the way and work of God,
Doubts and fears shall never, never in me find a safe abode.

3 When temptations do surround me, floods of evil ebb & flow,
Then in true humiliation I will bow exceeding low.
I will fear the God of heaven, I will keep his holy laws,
Treasure up his blessings given in this pure and holy cause.

4 Tho' beset by wicked spirits, men and devils all combin'd,
Yet my Mother's love will save me if in faithfulness I stand:
No infernal crooked creature, can destroy or harm my soul,
If I keep the love of Mother and obey her holy call.

5 So I'll stand, yea, stand unmoved, bear my cross from day to day,
Keep a watchful, prayerful spirit, and my precious call obey.
When deep sorrows roll around me, grief and tribulation too,
O my holy, blessed Mother, hear my prayer & soothe my woe.

6 O bestow thy healing balsam, feed me with thy holy love,
Send, O send sweet consolation, from thy holy throne above.

Do support my feeble spirit for I put my trust in thee.
Yea, thou art my blessed Mother, and thy simple child I'll be.

Watervliet, N. Y.

128.

Spiritual Rock.

1 O Lord, may I drink at the spiritual rock,
The fountain that never is dry ;
The water that's flowing for thy chosen flock,—
Lord, give me a constant supply.
This water so precious, I want to drink deep,
Where rivers do rapidly roll ;
I want to press forward and drink with the sheep,—
These waters give life to the soul.

2 I thirst, I hunger, I want to be fed,
And feasted with heavenly love ;
I want to partake of the true living bread,
The manna that rains from above.
Tis true I have tasted, but still I want more,—
I want to possess a good share ;
I want a full portion, I'm needy and poor,
And there is enough and to spare.

3 I've seen a white mantle, a beautiful vest;
Emborder'd with meekness and love ;
It beautifies souls that are faithful and just,
They've beauty that finds an increase.
This beautiful mantle the righteous possess,
By this Mother's children are known ;
O Lord, give me wisdom to gain this fine dress
And make this fine mantle my own.

4 A glorious temple is built and adorn'd,
The pillars are beauty and strength;
So large and extensive the building is form'd,
That no man can measure its length.
Here's durable riches and treasures in store,
With jewels and diamonds and crowns;
Prepar'd for the humble, the meek and the pure—
Here blessings and honor abound.

5 The Prince and the Princess have plan'd a new road
And set up their banners unfurl'd;
They're marching their flocks to the happy abode,
Secure from the snares of the world.
There's many already who've strip'd for the race,
In heavenly order they move;
The path is all paved with mercy and peace,
With sweet consolation and love.

6 This number that's marching the heavenly road,
Are happy, united and bless'd;
They drink at the fountain and eat of the food,
And in a white mantle are dress'd.
If I can but drink at the fountain so pure,
And feast on the heavenly meat,
And gain the white mantle, then I shall be sure
To march to the heavenly seat.

Harvard, Mass.

129.

Lovely Love.

1 Lovely love is flowing sweetly
From the lovely hosts above,—

What can fill the soul completely,
Like a lovely gift of love.
Lovely love is my desire,
Heaven, fill me with the same;
O thou lovely purifier,
Glow into a gentle flame.

2 Lovely Parents, lovely children,
Join'd in union's lovely band;
Lovely love from heaven descending
In the love of God they stand.
Lovely near and dear communion,
Nothing surely equals this,—
Everlasting love and union,
Lovely pledge of heavenly bliss.

3 How this lovely love advances,
Springing from the lovely root:
Love puts forth her lovely branches—
Love produces lovely fruit.
Lovely subjects shine with beauty,
Every feature love has grac'd;
Love has made them fair and lovely,
Here's the love that God has plac'd.

4 Love's a robe prepar'd in heaven,
Love's the glory of the day;
Love's the mantle Mother's given,
Love has pav'd the lovely way.
Love's my comfort, love's my beauty,
Here my lovely treasure lies;
It is my important duty
To obtain this heavenly prize.

5 Love's a gift of God approved,
Love is Mother's golden chain;
Let us love and be beloved,
Love's our everlasting gain.
Love has form'd the new creation,
Breathing love from breath to breath;
Love has brought our restoration,
Love completes the day of rest.

Harvard, Mass.

130.

My Solemn Prayer.

1 Time, time will come and pass away,
And this frail body must decay;
Yea, it must meet its kindred dust,
Before the spirit can find rest.

2 O Lord, do keep me in thy way,
Direct my foot-steps, I do pray;
Do guard me through each trying hour,
And let me feel thy quick'ning power.

3 Where shall I flee, but unto thee?
O do protect and strengthen me.
Do grant to me my heart's desire,
And let me feel thy holy fire.

4 Through tribulation I can see
The valley is the place for me;
There true repentance I can feel,
For this I pray with fervent zeal.

5 Of this I want a greater share,
This is to thee my constant prayer;

This in thy mercy let me have,
For this I now do humbly crave.

6 To me, O Lord, this gift impart,
And let it purify my heart;
In tribulation I must go
And keep my sense down meek and low.

7 My soul I give into thy care,
To thee I raise my feeble prayer;
To thee, O Lord, I give up all,—
Do purify me from the fall.

8 O Mother, unto thee, I say,
Do teach me how to watch and pray;
Show me the way that I must go,
Down in the valley that is low.

9 Mother, thy fervent ones do hear
And help me gain a Godly fear;
Do give me wisdom to do right,
For this I pray both day and night.

10 With tribulation fill my cup,
That of it I may freely sup;
Pray give me patience with the cross,
And may it purge away the dross.

11 In Wisdom's Valley may I walk,
And of thy precious gifts partake;
May Godly sorrow fill my soul
And deep repentance through me roll.

12 This is my humble prayer, O Lord
I pray that thou wouldst hear my word;

Protect me through the scenes of time
Till from all dross I am refin'd.

Watervliet, N. Y.

131.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 O Heavenly Father, wilt thou hear
The humble when they cry to thee?
Cause them thy holy laws to fear,
And love the words of Deity?
Wilt thou, our Lord and heavenly King,
Be pleas'd to hear their fervent prayer?
And cause the humble souls to bring
Into thy courts good fruit, and fair?

2 O Lord, we pray that we may gain
In carefulness thy laws to keep,
And steadfastly in them remain,
Nor through neglect have cause to weep
Give us, we pray, thy holy aid,
Through time in them to persevere;
For thou, in truth, these laws hast made
For thine elect to follow here.

3 We pray, O Heavenly Father, now,
That we may feel thy holy fear,
And in thy lovely presence bow,
And feel, in truth, that thou art near.
In lowliness O help us walk
Our toilsome journey here below;
In thought, in deed, in all our talk,
Help us in righteousness to go.

Hancock, Mass.

132.

A Satiated Mind.

1 The world I freely have forsaken,
Its glory and its vanity ;
I've prov'd it to my satisfaction,
I know there's nothing there for me.
The sharers of its wealth and honors
May boast of rank and titles great,
E'en lords or kings or worldly princes,—
I envy not thy royal state.

2 The lovers of its carnal pleasures
May revel in their crimes so base,
And think in sin to sleep securely,—
But O ! their God they yet must face !
He's promis'd he will be avenged
For the pollutions in the land,
And without fail he will accomplish,
His word is truth and it will stand.

3 He's purpos'd in his indignation,
To send his judgments on the earth,
For the deep crimes on her committed,
Provoking him to fiery wrath:
His heavy judgments now are rolling,
Yea, rolling speedily along,
And O that sinners might take warning,
And shun, ah shun the wrath to come !

4 That they would pause and give attention,
And listen to the voice within,
Which, though not fire nor rolling thunder,
Yet whispers closely, " Cease from sin,

Forsake a life of carnal pleasure,
Embrace the self-denying way,
Turn unto God and seek his favor,
Seek, seek his mercy while you may."

5 His hand of mercy is extended,
His arm is ready now to save
The penitent, the humble seeker,
If you'll but turn to him and live.
His call is, "Come ye faint and weary,
Come unto me, I'll give you rest;
Come all who hunger for salvation,
Ye thirsty come, and be refresh'd."

6 O that this call might be extended
From South to North, from West to East,
That every creature might receive it,
And come and share the wholesome feast,
Be wash'd and heal'd and be restored
To sight, to hearing and to speech,
That they aright may give God glory
That this his call their souls did reach.

Canterbury, N. H.

133.

Arbor of Peace.

1 My dear gospel friends, the valley is low,
The arbor of comfort and peace,
Where lies the straight way the faithful do go,
And find an eternal increase;
Here envy and strife cannot come,
And peace and true union are found;

And none but the faithful here find a sweet home,
Who stand firm upon the new ground.

2 The haughty assailant here cannot come,
Where's union and heavenly love;
Thus far all our thoughts and feelings may roam,
Where reigns the celestial dove.
Here bloom the fair lily and vine,
With all giving glory to God;
And to all our heavenly Parents divine,
Who paved the straight narrow road.

3 O here is the fount of wine and sweet peace,
For all who in union agree;
So let us be marching with the increase,
And conquer until we are free.
Here beautiful angels do stand
To watch and to guard this low vale,
And grasp the sweet odors of Mother's true band,
Which float on each heavenly gale.

4 The valiant and brave will never give back,
Grow weary, dishearten'd or sad,
But they will as they travel in Mother's track,
Rejoice and be exceeding glad.
Now she is inviting her flock
To drink at the fountain of peace;
In spirit to fall and be broke on the rock
Of life and eternal increase.

5 The children of God must truly keep low,
Be humble, wise, upright and true;
In willing subjection delight to go,
Be Mother's unspotted, meek few.

"I promise," says Mother, "to those
Who walk my straight pathway aright,
The immortal crown and the unfading rose,
A home in my mansion of light."

Watervliet, N. Y.

134.

Unceasing Praises.

1 O Mother, blest Mother! to thee I will bow;
Thou art a kind Mother, thou dost teach us how
Salvation is gained and how to increase
In purity, union, in order and peace.

2 I love thee O Mother, thy praise I will sound,
I'll bless thee forever for what I have found;
I'll praise and adore thee, to thee bow and bend,
For Mother, dear Mother, thou art my known friend.

3 In songs of rejoicing, in heavenly mirth,
I'll join with bright angels released from earth;
I'm happy and free, so I'll skip, dance and play,
And thus blessed Mother I'll praise in this way;

4 Then sing, sweetly sing, in the arbor of peace,
The songs of sweet triumph where joys never cease,
There shout endless praises, there bless Mother Ann,
Who brought full salvation to poor fallen man.

Canterbury, N. H.

135.

Chain of Protection.

1 A chain of bright gold from the treasures above
Is brought from the heavens by seraphs of love.

All sparkling with beauty and dazzling with light,
To 'ncircle those children who strive to do right.
This chain is adorned with virtue and truth,
'Twill comfort the aged and strengthen the youth,
'Twill be a protector by night and by day,
And give sweetest comfort to those who obey.

2 Its links are well formed and joined complete
With pure love and union, most precious and sweet.
Cemented most strongly with wisdom and grace,
Well fitted, around Mother's children to place.
This chain of protection is lovely and strong
In wisdom prepar'd to unite old and young,
For Mother hath said, my children will be
United in love and will gather near me.

3 So all who would wish with this chain to be bound
To their blessed Leaders, will gather around,
And with this bright chain be encircled in love,
To share the rich blessings from heaven above.
Then come dear companions, be join'd heart and hand,
Cemented so strongly no foe can disband;
With God we'll be workers, with Christ gain the palm,
With Mother shout triumph to God and the Lamb.

Canterbury, N. H.

136.

The Mercy Seat.

1 Come let us join in music sweet,
And praise our heavenly King,
Beneath his lovely mercy seat,
Our off'rings we will bring.

With thankful hearts we'll gather round,
And bow before his throne;
Since by the gospel we have found
Where God in truth is known.

2 O may we all devoted be
To praise his holy name,
Let each one say, I will be free
And manifest the same;
Then God will bless us when we meet,
His gifts he will bestow,
And from his heavenly mercy seat
His precious love will flow.

3 O let no soul with sin be bound,
But seek God's holy power,
While holy angels hover round
And heavenly blessings shower.
May every soul receive a part,
And treasure up the same,
Remembering, with a thankful heart,
The source from whence it came.

Canterbury, N. H.

137.

The Manifestation of God.

1 The blessed way is manifested
To a little chosen few,
Who are seeking for salvation,
Who have bid this world adieu:
In tribulation they have groan'd,
Wash'd their robes and made them white

In the blood of Christ the Savior,
Now they stand a shining light.

2 The last display of grace's revealed
That will be to fallen man;
Now the righteous stand adorned
On Mount Zion with the Lamb.
Confess your sins, and follow Jesus;
Walk the strait and narrow way.
Heavenly blessings are attending
All who faithfully obey.

3 The door of life is now held open,
Come and join the lovely band,
And partake of living waters,
Crystal fountains near at hand.
A rich reward that's ever glorious,
Is for those who do believe,
And take up their crosses boldly:
Crowns of glory they'll receive.

Enfield, Conn.

138.

Lamb's Title.

1 Come little children now you may
Partake a little morsel,
For little gifts and simple play,
Adorn the great Apostle.
A little drop of Mother's love
Will make a feast of union,
And 'tis by little steps we move,
Into a strong communion.

2 A little faith does mighty deeds,
Quite past all my recounting;—
Faith, like a grain of mustard seed,
Can move a lofty mountain;
A little charity and zeal,
A little tribulation,
A little patience makes us feel
Great peace and consolation.

3 A little cross with cheerfulness,
A little self-denial,
Will serve to make our feelings less,
To bear the greatest trial.
The spirit like a little dove,
On Jesus once descended;
To show his meekness and his love,
This emblem was intended.

4 The lowly title of a lamb,
Unto our Lord was given,—
Such was the Savior's humble name,
Though Lord of earth and heaven.
A little voice that's small and still
Will rule the new creation;
A little stone the earth shall fill,
And humble every nation.

Canterbury, N. H.

139.

Contentment in the Gospel.

1 When e'er my busy thoughts do roam
On things that are abroad;

I feel contented with my home,
And thankful to my God.
This world's a motley scene at best,
My soul it can't divert:
Its troubled waters cannot rest
But cast up mire and dirt.

2 The rich can boast, but not of truth,
The poor how much distress'd,
But I was called in my youth
And with the gospel bless'd.
How many wander in the streets,
Quite destitute of food,
While I have heavenly fruit to eat,
And every thing that's good.

3 The rich and proud can never share
The dainties of my meal,
They cannot boast such blessed fare
Nor taste the bliss I feel.
The gospel which has made me free,
Supplies my every need;
Then let contentment dwell with me,
For I am rich indeed.

4 Here I can walk the heavenly road
With my companions dear,
Here I enjoy a blest abode
And all my treasure's here
Let others walk in devious ways
Which lead to death and hell.
Here I resolve to spend my days,
Where Christ's true foll'wers dwell.

140.

Everlasting Praise.

1 Within fair Zion's lovely gates
My soul does long to enter,
And now to reach this blessed state,
I cheerfully will venture.
I've made a most minute account
Of crosses, cares and trouble,
And find my gains will then amount
To more by far than double.

2 I am resolv'd to sacrifice
All carnal joy and pleasure,
To gain this everlasting prize,
This pure immortal treasure.
In quest of this I freely would
Resign all earth has given ;
Exchange the evil for the good,
Earth's transient joys for heaven.

3 The self-denying way is straight
And no one can mistake it ;
The cross of Christ stands in the gate,
And all who pass must take it.
This points us to our blest abode,
There's no mistake about it.
And souls who are trav'ling home to God
Are never safe without it.

4 The time is short it now remains,
For all who would inherit,

The love of Christ and with him reign,
To labor for his spirit.
Let us with zeal our strength renew,
March heavenward together;
And when on earth we've travel'd through
We'll praise him there forever.

Harvard, Mass

141.

Voice of Mother Ann Lee.

1 O my children! O my children,
Says your blessed Mother Ann,
Could you know how much I love you,
You'd like valiant soldiers stand;
You'd not flinch in times of trial,
But you'd often think of me;
For not one shall be forgotten
By your kind Mother Ann Lee.

2 I will be a tender Mother
Unto every faithful soul,
All that stand firm and unshaken
Shall receive an hundred fold.
They will glow with heavenly brightness,
Yea, they will the sun outshine,
Every one shall be rewarded
For their labors here through time.

3 So, dear children be encouraged,
For you all are dear to me,
Let not any one among you,
Think you will forgotten be.

Nay, dear children, I'm a Mother
Woh does feel a tender care,
For my well beloved offspring,
Those who are true rightful heirs.

4 Those who walk in tribulation,
And to God do often cry
For his mercy and protection,
Tis to such that I am nigh;
Yea, I hear your silent prayers,
This I say to every one,
That you all may be encouraged,
And in thankfulness press on.

5 I'm a kind and loving Mother,
I abound in charity
For my well beloved children,
Those who are so dear to me.
Yea, dear children I'm your Mother
Who did suffer on this earth,
Yea, I suffer'd persecution,
To renew the second birth.

6 Now you're made full partakers
Of this blessed gospel pure,
Every one will yet be thankful
If they to the end endure.
These are treasures pure and holy,
Well secur'd in the realms above,
For the humble, meek and lowly,
Those who serve the living God.

Watervliet, N. Y.

142.

Victorious Gospel.

1 Hail thou all victorious gospel!
Thou wilt bring all things to view,
Thou wilt purge away the evil,
And create all things anew;
Thou wilt bring us into union,
Every hindrance will destroy,
Then a close and pure communion
In the spirit we'll enjoy.

2 Thou wilt humble down our spirits,
Every rising foe subdue;
Then pure union we'll inherit,
And our duty we will do.
O I'm thankful for that power
Which will bring us into one!
I will keep it every hour,
Till the blessed work is done.

3 Blessed union, how I prize thee!
All for thee I'll sacrifice;—
Only union will suffice me,
For it is the gospel prize.
O how thankful is my spirit,
For this treasure from above!
For the good I now inherit,
In the God of peace and love.

North Union, Ohio.

143.

Self Warning.

1 I warn my soul now to be good,
And watch my steps with care;
Of all that's carnal, vain or rude,
Forever be aware;
I charge my tongue to silent be
In every evil thing,
That nothing may be found in me,
That would contention bring.

2 The wicked nature of the fall
Would tempt my soul astray,
To finding fault with one or all,
And something evil say;
I charge my soul before the Lord,
To do no creature wrong:
Let not a base deceitful word
Be found upon my tongue.

3 If pride or self I do maintain,
I'll to perdition go,
And by my self I shall be slain,
Yea doom'd to endless woe,
Without the shadow of excuse,
For help was ready by,
But that found nothing but abase,
And the poor soul must die.

4 Now to escape this dreadful fall,
Let me be truely wise,
And prize, O prize my precious call,
The spirit bids me rise,

And fix my standing on the rock,
My foot-steps firm and sure,
And with my Mother's little flock
Patient all things endure.

South Union, Ky.

144.

Mourners' Comfort.

1 How it gladdens my heart as the fresh morning breezes,
Waft on their bright wings the angelic choir,
Who sound the glad news of eternal salvation,—
Hark! listen and hear ye, the truth they declare.
O sound, sound aloud all ye heavenly harpers,
Yea, cease not to sound in this glorious day,
For God hath declar'd he'll awaken the sleepers,
And call in the wand'rer to this holy way.

2 Jerus'lem's adorn'd with the brightness of heaven,
And Zion is lighted with glory throughout;
Her walls are erected, her portals unshaken,
While angels do guard all her gates round about.
Here's peace for the troubled, and joy for the mourner,
Yea, for the afflicted a firm, safe retreat,
And all who will come at the call of the Savior,
He'll fold in his arms with his love all complete.

3 O pleasant the clime and the mansion so holy,
Where all of the faithful and upright do dwell;
Come ye freely enter, be meek and be lowly,
Renounce all that's evil and learn to do well;
For blessed, thrice blessed are those who will hearken
To the voice of the Shepherd, who tenderly calls

The aged and middle ag'd, there's no exemption,
Come ye to the fountain ye great and ye small.

4 Thanks be to our Shepherd whose charity extendeth
To high and to low, to the rich and the poor;—
All who on his free hand of bounty dependeth,
He'll save from the famine, 'twill visit each door.
In love I rejoice that the remnant are gathering,
That Israel is calling her wandering home,
Yea, those who have suffer'd deep scenes of affliction,
And dire persecution well known at God's throne.

5 I'm thankful their cries and their prayers have resounded
From earth unto heaven that Wisdom might hear,
And lead and direct them, though they be confounded
In her crooked paths, that her way may appear,
All lovely and pleasant, delightful and comely
To those who will seek her in humility;—
O Wisdom divine, and supreme in thy glory!
I covet thee more than all else I can see.

6 I love the brave hearted with whom I've enlisted
In Wisdom's bright warfare so pure and divine;
I'll never give back, but be firmly engaged
To shout on the victory in glory sublime.
Heaven's strength is before us, the angels are waiting,
Inviting us on to that happy, fair shore,
Where sorrow and sighing, affliction and trouble
Will cease in our bosoms to beat evermore.

Canterbury, N. H

145.

Trumpet of Heaven.

1 Hear ye saints, what the angels of heaven proclaim,
They are sounding their trumpets aloud;
'Tis the year of the Holy Emanuel's reign,
With great power, ye shall now be endow'd.
They shall sound through the earth till the nations thereof
No longer the truth shall withstand;
Yea, the sound shall keep rolling, and rolling along,
Till it reach through every land.

2 This is now the last trumpet which God has declar'd,
He would sound through the nations abroad;
For a city of refuge, the Lord has prepar'd,
O come up to the mountain of God.
Come listen with joy to the heavenly songs,
Which the bright lovely angels repeat;
And their music keeps rolling, and rolling along,
Through every celestial street.

3 Here the soul who is faithful to take up the cross,
Shall shine forth as the sun at noon day;
Never more shall the tears of affliction be seen,
For their Savior shall wipe them away.
O then let me be number'd with that happy throng,
Let me stand on that heavenly shore;
Where hosannas keep rolling, and rolling along,
O my Mother, I'll ask for no more.

Harvard, Mass.

146.

Tender Mercy.

1 Great are thy mercies unto me,
My Savior and my King;
Great is the joy and happiness
Which thy pure gospel brings.
By God's free grace I have been call'd
To leave this world of woe,
And gain that solid lasting peace
Which storms cannot o'erthrow.

2 How blest and happy is my lot
Among the saints of God,
While thousands walk the way to death,
That broad and awful road.
O may thanksgiving fill my soul,
And meekness rule my heart;
And give me wisdom day by day
To choose the better part.

3 My carnal pleasure I'll resign,
Self-will I'll crucify;
For if I truly live to God,
I first have got to die.
With Mother's children I can dwell,
Now in my youthful days,
And spend my time while here on earth
In thankfulness and praise.

4 Lord, grant my soul thy holy power
To keep me in the road,

Lest I should get a careless sense,
And lose the way of God.
O lovely angels be my guide,
And keep my soul secure,
Until I join that happy band,
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

Harvard, Mass.

147.

Reflections on the Goodness of God.

1 Although affliction's storms arise
And beat against our little bark,
Though adverse winds our course betide,
And sorrow deep the pathway mark,
Yet still in God we place our trust,
He will befriend in each dark hour,
His word is sure, his ways are just,
He'll us sustain by holy power.

2 We'll never cease his name to praise,
While time and breath with us endure,
That he has call'd us by his grace,
To walk the path so strait and pure.
It surely leads to happiness,
For by pursuing in this way
We find salvation, life and bliss,
The world can't give nor take away.

3 There's no mistake, this work is sure,
'Twill purge all souls from sin and dross
Who will the cleansing fire endure,
And bring them out of nature's loss.

Therefore sweet praises let us sound,
In concert to our God and King,
That we his mercy here have found,
Which does sweet peace and comfort bring.

4 God's promises will never fail,
To those who keep his just commands;
The faithful soul will sure prevail,
And in his strength forever stand.
My heart rejoices day by day,
That I was called in my youth
To walk in Wisdom's lovely way
Of virtue, chastity and truth.

Canterbury, N. H.

148.

Holy Mother's Love.

1 Come gather near my children, this is my holy way,
I'll guard you from all danger if you will but obey.
My way is straight as straightness, my path is very low,
Down in this humble valley my children all must go.

1 A high exalted feeling my spirit cannot bless,
But all who will subdue it shall be forever bless'd;
My angels shall them cover with my unfeigned love,
My holy hand shall feed them, on them shall rest my dove.

3 How can the joys of heaven but draw your souls to me?
I am your Holy Mother, I'm pure as pure can be;
My holy love and blessing, can any disregard?
Will any lose the conquest who're chosen of the Lord?

4 My love I freely give you, my blessing on you pour,
My angels shall not leave you, while you are on this shore.

O come my lovely children, look not to things below,
But look ye straight to heaven and I will bear you through.

5 Look not to worldly honor, look not to worldly gain,
Look not to lofty boasting, these end in fiery pain;
Bow low ye youth and children to God's appointed Lead,
Yea, bow in true submission and safe you shall be led.

6 No ravenous beast of passion shall bring your peace to nought,
The mighty God of heaven shall be your sure resort;
Though messengers of Satan may oft beset you here,
They cannot overthrow you, who God your Maker fear.

7 But peace and joy and comfort, on those I'll ever shower,
Who bow in supplication for my protecting power.
I am ETERNAL WISDOM, my spirit here shall rest,
And all my faithful children shall be be forever bless'd.

Harvard, Mass.

149.

Pleasures of the Gospel.

1 The gospel what treasures unfold's!
Its beauty I plainly do see;
Its value in silver or gold
Can never be counted to me.
What unfading comfort I find,
In this heavenly way that I've chose!
What peace and what comfort combin'd,
My happify'd spirit enclose.

2 O Mother thy gospel is true,—
How clear to my spiritual sight!
So fondly thy ways I'll pursue
With unfading joy and delight.

No power my spirit shall bind,
My heart and my hands I'll employ;
By the gospel my spirit shall stand
In mansions of heavenly joy.

3 O Mother, how blessed thou art!
Thy ways to my soul are not hard;
Thou gavest my spirit to know
The only true way of the Lord.
What heavenly blessings I feel,
Of union, of peace and of love!
My soul is renewed with zeal,
Attaining to mansions above.

South Union, Ky.

150.

Free Volunteer.

1 O come ye soldiers of the cross,
The Lamb-like war's begun,
We'll follow our Commander
And in his foot-steps run;
And every soul that overcomes
And keeps a conscience clear,
Shall have the pretty name
Of a free volunteer.

2 Now Michael and his angels set
The battle in array,
Resolv'd the dragon shall not reign
In this millennial day;
Our soldiers are courageous souls,
They never yield to fear,

They prize the pretty name
Of a free volunteer.

3 The foes whom we encounter are
Our enemies within,
For we've determind to subdue
And conquer every sin ;
For to the holy city now
The way is open'd clear,
And there's a place prepar'd
For each free volunteer.

Canterbury, N. H.

151.

Vineyard of God.

1 Come every true seeker and gather around,
Enlist as a free volunteer ;
Here peace and contentment do freely abound,
And Zion's rich treasures appear.
From God's holy mountain the streams of sweet love
Glide sweetly along through each soul ;—
While we are aspiring for glories above,
Where union and harmony roll.

2 Here the vineyard of God in beauty is crown'd,
Its vines so profusely do grow ;
Its inmates engaged God's praises to sound,
And breezes celestial blow.
The fruit which is gather'd is luscious and rare,
Its equal there never was found ;
No earthly enjoyment can ever compare,
Or flourish as God's Holy Ground.

3 Behold his rich blessing, unsparingly spread,
Which children of purity share;
By seraphs and angels they daily are fed,
On wholesome and heavenly fare.
Their crowns are all-glorious, out shining the sun,
Their robes are far whiter than snow;
These Mother did promise if faithful we'd run,
And keep in the valley that's low.

4 In this holy vineyard true virtues are found,
Here Wisdom does wave her pure hand,
While saints and bright angels do guard it around,
In honor to God and the Lamb.
Now in this sweet covert, this purified place,
His heavenly mansion below,
Where all that is lovely its subjects will grace,
Who in the true spirit do grow.

5 Here sit in this mansion, the King and the Queen,
Array'd in their garments so pure;
And round them their sons and their daughters are seen,
Who all persecution endure.
And as we now suffer and victory gain,
Our treasure no mortals can tell;
With Jesus the Savior our spirits will reign,
And in his bless'd kingdom we'll dwell.

Canterbury, N. H.

Finis.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
A view of the lost state of Man.	31
A Meditation.	49
An Offering of Praise to God.	60
Angels' Praise.	127
A Suppliant's Prayer.	132
Angels' Invitation.	143
A prayer to the Savior.	155
A Satiated Mind.	171
Arbor of Peace.	172
BIRTH Day of Freedom.	35
Be ready my children.	63
Blessings of the faithful.	67
Be ye Valiant.	74
Beauty of Zion.	94
Bright Star.	131
Bright and Happy Land.	136
Be Lowly and Thankful	142
Blessed Treasure.	158
CELESTIAL Blessings.	7
Celestial Enjoyment Glory and Praise.	20
Come and Welcome.	61
Choice of Pleasure.	99
City of Zion.	129
Chain of Protection	174

Contentment in the Gospel. 178

Deceitfulnenss of Earthly Joy 4

EVENING Confirmation. 55
Earnest Prayer. 122
Earnest Petition. 146
Excellency of the Gospel. 156
Everlasting Praise. 180

FINAL Decision 3
Fervent Desire. 48
Fervent Desire. 59
Fear God. 73
Fast Day. 108
Firm Supporter. 164
Free Volunteer. 192

GLORY of God's Building. 16
Gift of Refreshment. 25
Glad tidings for Jerusalem. 43
Gospel Praises. 45
Grateful Thanks. 128
Gospel Beauty. 133
Good Resolution. 135
Glorious Pathway. 157

HEAVENLY Guide. 15
Happy Consideration. 27
Holy Union. 34
Holy Call. 40
Humble Child. 50
Holy Mother Wisdom. 71
Heavenly Refreshment. 85

Humble Petition. 117
Heaven on Earth. 123
Heavenly City. 145
Hill of Zion. 157
Heavenly Bread. 159
Holy Mother's Love. 190

INVITING Sound. 47
Impartial Blessing. 51
Invitation to Sinners. 104
Impressions at the Fountain. 119
Inward Work. 138
Innocence. 160

JOYS of the Just. 10
Jubilee. 149

LIVING Truth. 14
Latter Day. 90
Little Things. 112
Lovely Virgins. 125
Lovely Love. 166
Lamb's Title. 177

MOTHER'S gift of notice. 29
Mother Ann's Desire. 54
Mother Ann's Call to Zion. 95
Mother Ann's Birth Day. 103
Mother's faithful few. 113
Mother Ann's Prayer. 163
My Solemn Prayer. 168
Mourner's Comfort. 185

NEW Jerusalem. 161

OMNISCIENCE of the Deity. 26
Ode to Contentment. 97

Pure Gospel. 23
Path of Sorrow. 64
Praise to Mother Ann's Birth Day. 68
Promised Desire. 76
Praise ye the Lord. 77
Promise of the Savior. 84
Parent's Blessing. 90
Praise to Mother. 93
Petition to Mother. 103
Praise all that is Praise-worthy. 111
Petition and Promise. 151
Precious Gift. 162
Pleasures of the Gospel. 191

REFLECTIONS on time. 70
Rejecting Idols. 106
Repentance. 126
Remembrance of Mother. 148
Reflection on the Goodness of God. 189

SPIRIT of Noah. 53
Supplication and Prayer. 66
Sweet Conviction. 67
Shepherd and Shepherdess. 71
Speak Gently. 78
Spiritual Warning. 84
Sure Promise. 109
Solemn Reflection. 116

Surpassing beauty. 144
Spiritual Rock. 165
Self Warning. 184

THE Church of God. 8
The Holy Savior. 19
Thunderings on Mount Sinai. 22
The Millenium. 36
The Harmony of Angels. 41
True life of God's Children. 58
The Happy Calling. 75
The Gospel Valley. 82
Thanksgiving and Praise. 86
The Voice of a Parent. 92
The Earthquake. 101
The Gift of Repentance. 107
The Best Choice. 114
Trump of God. 118
True Salvation. 136
The Saint's Prayer. 139
The Morning Sun. 147
The Lord's Prayer. 170
The Mercy Seat. 175
The Manifestation of God. 176
Trumpet of Heaven. 187
Tender Mercy. 188

UNFEIGNED Thanks. 37
Union and Love. 44
Unceasing Praises. 174

VOICE of Awakening. 12

Voice of the Righteous. 38
Virgin Band. 57
Voice of Mother Ann Lee. 181
Victorious Gospel. 183
Vineyard of God. 193

WHO shall stand? 5
Warning Voice. 80
Wisdom's Path. 81
Watchfulness. 89
Word of God. 115
Words of Holy Wisdom. 151
Wisdom's Harp of Peace. 153

ZION'S Course. 141